'The Living Age Brings the World to America'

THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1925

Fundamentally Speaking
BY
JULIAN HUXLEY

A Rhapsody in Red

Hitting the High Spots
BY
A DUTCH MOUNTAINEER

Italy, the Chicago of Europe

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THE LIVING AGE

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THIS WEEK

IT must give Tennessee statesmen some pleasure to see the fruits of the row that they kicked up. Even the enlightened English have found it reassuring to state, between spasms of laughter, the general thesis of evolution. Probably no more competent writer on the subject can be found than *Julian Huxley*, grandson of that arch-fiend who had such a baleful influence on Mencken's flaming youth and who has now, we all hope, been sent where he belongs. Unfortunately Darwin's facts seem to be rather scantier than those on which the weather bureau bases its daily prognostications, so if you are willing to stake your soul that Christmas will be fine this year there is no reason why you should hesitate before swallowing Scopes.

❦ ❦ ❦

Instead of looking backward with the scientists, *Otto Steinicke* also prefers to cast in his lot with the weather prophets, and assures us that a very red dawn is about to break. Were it not that Freud is so hopelessly out of date, one might be tempted to apply a little Viennese wizardry to this Communist's Unconscious, with results that would be distinctly gratifying to the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes.

❦ ❦ ❦

The Land of Unpunished Murder does not refer to the Leopold-Loeb belt of Chicago — it is modern Italy, where Fascist hooligans enjoy all the immunity that the police grant to first-class gunmen in our larger cities. In fact this mutual tolerance of bloodshed should make for the happiest sort of relations between the two countries, and American capitalists may listen to the Italian plea of 'Step Inside' once they know how much alike we are.

❦ ❦ ❦

A Dutch mountain-climber sounds as incongruous as a Jewish admiral or an Anglo-Saxon sportsman, but the fact remains that *Philip C. Visser*, while on his way to Karakoram, might have posed for Peter's chocolate wrappers on the highest peaks of remotest Kashmir. His expedition must have looked a good deal like Edward Lear's story of the people who went around the world by water and came back on the other side by land.

❦ ❦ ❦

It is likely that *Oskar Schmitz's* question, 'Does a Writer Need to Know Anything?' will be greeted by a roar of negatives from that large body of our subscribers who feel that this page should be suppressed and its author drowned publicly in the Frog Pond on the Boston Common. If, however, these very critics will control themselves, they will find that the good Schmitz has something of great value to say. He contends that our imaginative writers are totally ignorant and that only the philosophers, whom, of course, the imaginative crowd is far too lazy and stupid to read, have a Message.

❦ ❦ ❦

There are so many features this week that we cannot do the honors as graciously as usual. It is with great regret that we learn from *M. Gentizon* that the Turkish fez is going out of style and will henceforth be worn only by Shriners, Tall Cedars of Lebanon, and the brass band of the Aleppo Lodge of the Cambridge Elks. The story about Juan Varela's Vote comes from South America and shows how Tammany methods have penetrated the Antipodes. Then a *Rome Correspondent* tells of the gruesome fight between Croce and Gentile — the latter being an Italian critic, and not a consumer of ham sandwiches. Finally *Gordon Phillips* tells about the wonderful food in England. That, in itself, is a good one.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *SEPTEMBER 19, 1925* — NO. 4237

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DEBT MARGINALIA

OUR Belgian debt settlement may not add to our popularity abroad, but it has impressed Europe anew with the truth that war costs are long costs. That this truth still needs some enforcing is suggested by Italy's determination to have a navy equal to that of France. Her appropriations for this object have risen from 420 million lire five years ago to 980 million lire the current year — a very large increase, even after allowing for currency depreciation. Nevertheless, during the thirty-two months that Signor Alberto de Stefani was Minister of Italy the country's public finances made a remarkable recovery. The last previous surplus was in 1910–11, when revenue exceeded expenditure by nearly twelve million lire. The subsequent story is best told by the following figures quoted from the London *Economist*.

Financial Years	*Deficits in Millions of Lire*
Lybian War	
1911–12	— 111.8
1912–13	— 257.8
1913–14	— 163.9
European War	
1914–15	— 2,835.4
1915–16	— 6,891.5
1916–17	— 12,250.2
1917–18	— 17,766.1
1918–19	— 22,775.7
War liquidation	
1919–20	— 7,885.9
1920–21	— 17,409.0
1921–22	— 15,760.4
Return to peace budgets	
1922–23	— 3,028.8
1923–24	— 418.4
1924–25	+ 209.0

Senator Volpi, who succeeds Signor de Stefani and is expected to head the Italian Debt Mission to this country, stepped into the Ministry from business circles instead of from academic circles like his predecessor.

Our debt settlement with Belgium was regarded in England as an instance of exceptional treatment, hardly to be cited as a precedent in other negotiations of this character. The *New Statesman* said that our concessions represented 'the most lenient terms that America is prepared to grant to any of her European debtors,' and concluded therefore that they represent the minimum standard which the Brit-

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ish treasury could adopt in negotiating with France and Italy. *Le Temps* hailed the terms granted Belgium as a guidepost to what would be done in case of America's other debtors.

First of all, the essential distinction between war debts proper and other debts is admitted. They urge on the other side of the Atlantic that the agreement with Belgium cannot be taken as a precedent in this respect because moral obligations resulting from the engagements made by President Wilson created a special situation in Belgium's favor. This argument has no weight except on the surface, for President Wilson, acting as the head of the American Government, made many other engagements equally important.

L'Écho de Paris considered the significant feature of the negotiations 'the insistence of the American delegates upon Belgium's pursuing a policy of government economy.'

The Belgian experts vainly protested that everything possible in that line had already been done, but nothing seemed to satisfy their inquisitors. We thus see the United States drawn into a position where it presumes to control the policies of the debtor States. Its people are ignorant of European conditions, and consider all expenses not strictly justifiable in their own opinion and in their own case extravagant. We shall find ourselves here in a more difficult position than Belgium. We already know how easily measures taken for our security become in the eyes of Americans manifestations of imperialist ambition.

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FRANCE'S UNEASY DOMINIONS

Reports from the Morocco seat of war, while announcing successes for the French and Spanish troops, do not indicate that the Riffian resistance is crumbling. Abd-el-Krim's forces still stand on 'French soil.' That leader has addressed a letter to the French Parliament, which is published in full in the Paris Communist journal *Humanité*. It is couched in courteous language and relates the causes of the present conflict from the Riffian point of view. Abd-el-Krim asserts that the French forces advanced into territories claimed by the Riffi against his protests. 'Nevertheless we hoped for peace until we saw this spring that Marshal Lyautey intended to overrun the Rif and annex our country to the French Zone.' He accuses the Marshal of 'constantly exciting the tribes against us and encouraging them to attack us directly,' adding: —

We are accused of being rebels, but we are fighting for our own country. . . . We are accused of preferring war as a pastime, but such calumnies will not stand examination. We want to live in peace and to develop the resources of our country for the benefit of its people. . . . Our land has always been the victim of defamation and untruthful reports. We have no newspapers to present our cause to the world. Those American correspondents who have visited our land have confirmed our statements that we have not had foreign aid and have not received Bolshevist encouragement. The Koran and Bolshevism are two things incompatible. . . . If we had newspapers or spokesmen in the Chamber of Deputies our appeal for justice would have been heard.

Abd-el-Krim's demand for complete independence brings even those Frenchmen who desire a speedy peace to a pause, since such a concession would cause such disaffection among the tribes still subject to French suzerainty that revolts in other parts of North Africa might follow. Consequently *L'Ère Nouvelle*, a Radical-pacifist paper, accuses Abd-el-Krim of being an 'industrial agent in the service of Germany,' and describes at length his alleged negotiations with the Mannesmann Brothers, who had concessions for what are reputed to be valuable zinc, sulphur, and copper mines in that

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chieftain's territories. The recent sale of these interests to an Anglo-American syndicate represented by Otto Kahn was a day's sensation in the foreign press. The Mannesmann firm promptly came out with a public statement to the effect that its action in disposing of the property was absolutely without political significance. Altogether, the Mannesmann Brothers have formed ten companies to colonize and develop Morocco resources. These were a source of constant anxiety to them, as their interests extended directly across the territories in dispute. Before approaching American investors they had already negotiated with a French consortium and with a Spanish consortium for the sale of their interests, but in both instances without success.

France has suffered a temporary setback involving considerable military losses in connection with the Druse revolt in Syria. This uprising comes most inopportunely, as it has compelled France to divert forces destined for Morocco to that country. The land and customs of an isolated branch of these people were described in the *Living Age* of October 28, 1922. Since 1921 Jebel ed Druz has been an independent State under France's general mandate over Syria. General Sarrail, the French High Commissioner at Beirut, treated rather arbitrarily a delegation of the natives who had come to present certain grievances to him. The ill-feeling occasioned by this rebuff was aggravated when the French broke up a Druse religious assembly under the misapprehension that it was a political meeting. The dispersal was resisted and several persons were killed on both sides. A German correspondent who managed to reach the headquarters of the Druses, and secure an interview with their leader, Sultan Atrash Pasha, reported in a dispatch to *Vossische Zeitung* that the latter would not accept France's offer of autonomy. He and his people demanded 'the complete independence of all Syria,' adding: 'We want a free parliament, a national army, a national government, and a king or president. The French must content themselves with remaining merely as our advisers, the way the English propose to do in Irak.' He referred to the embarrassments of the French in Morocco, where he believed the war would compel them to concentrate most of their forces. They have at present only six thousand men in Syria. In conclusion he declared: 'Wire your newspaper that if France attacks the Druse people the revolt will spread to the whole of Syria. We are unanimous in this: that it is better to die free than to live as we have been living of late.' The correspondent added that emissaries are reaching the Sultan from all parts of Syria encouraging him to continue his resistance, and that, although he has sent representatives to negotiate with the French, he is not serious in his proposals to them.

Returning to the war in Morocco, the Conservative *Saturday Review* points out that the civilizing methods pursued in the campaign there bear a remarkable resemblance to those ascribed to the German troops in Belgium eleven years ago. It gives the alleged facts of what is occurring, 'in the interests of humanity and civilization,' from current reports of operations sent in by the correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, who is on the ground: —

> 'The last villages we occupied had previously been bombed by airplanes, and the efficiency of the air-worker is only too evident. Smoking ruins are all that is left of most of the flimsy native houses. The streets are impassable. Great piles of débris are thrown here and there, and everything is in a state of confusion.'

That, in 1914, would have been called

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'baby-killing.' Is it, perhaps, in 1925, legitimate warfare? Or will it be argued that the color of the babies bombed makes all the difference?

'The natives, headed by their chiefs, carrying white flags, came out to meet us at each village. They are always met by the commander of the column with the same formula: "If you do not bring out all your arms and ammunition, all your flocks and herds, to me here within half an hour, I will burn the village to the ground and kill ten leading men."'

The newspapers, in 1914, were packed with similar stories of German behavior in Belgium and Northern France. The civilized world stood aghast.

'Pillage under such conditions is temptingly easy, and the commander has considerable difficulty in restraining his soldiers. . . . After each village was taken the men appeared carrying sacks, pails, and other receptacles full of booty, to the intense annoyance of the native officers and to *the great amusement of the commander and myself*. [Our italics.]'

The troops engaged in these excruciatingly funny enterprises are ninety per cent native; that may to some extent excuse them, though it does not excuse their commanders. But mark the effect upon an Englishman and a Frenchman. The native officers show 'intense annoyance.' They have, it seems, a foolish pride in the honor of their regiments. Not so the white men, their masters. The *Daily Express* correspondent and the French commander were 'greatly amused.'

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A PEACE-SHY FRONTIER

THE Moscow correspondent of the London *Statist* writes under the date of August 10: 'During the past week six thousand new young officers have been commissioned, and a corresponding increase in the ranks of the active military forces has been effected. . . . It has been announced that the coming Russian military manœuvres are destined to take place in the vicinity of the Polish border. Not to be outdone, the Polish Government has openly proclaimed that the coming Polish military manœuvres will be held in the close neighborhood of the Russian frontier.' This correspondent opines that Russia is banking upon the intensely bitter feeling created in Germany by the expulsion of German nationals from Poland to produce a crisis that might be utilized to Moscow's profit. The further possibility that France's insistence upon deciding of her motion what constitutes a flagrant breach of the treaty sanctions, without referring the question to the League, may prevent the success of the Security Pact negotiations is also taken into consideration. *L'Humanité*, the organ of French Communism, characterizes the latter proposed agreement as 'a war pact against the Soviets.' *Le Temps* likewise considers that the danger point in Europe has shifted from the Rhine to the Polish border.

It is there that the real danger for tomorrow lies. We should make a grave mistake if we fail to utilize the opportunity afforded by the present negotiations with Germany to dissipate this danger and in some way or other to clarify the relations between Germany and Poland and place them upon a footing of mutual confidence.

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TAXATION IN GERMANY

QUITE naturally, reports of tax reductions in the United States add to the sense of grievance that Europe feels on account of her indebtedness to this country. Some quotations from the reports of large industrial concerns in Germany, printed in the British *Economic Review of the Foreign Press*, illustrate what this burden is in that country:—

This is what the Anhaltische Kohlenwerke, a sound concern in Central Germany which has been obliged this year to pass its

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dividend, has to say on the subject in its report: 'In 1924 the tax burdens of the company totaled some 1,320,000 gold marks, or about 6 per cent of the converted capital. This sum would have sufficed to pay an adequate dividend on the original shares. In the last year before the war taxes totaled only 86,500 marks.' The report of the Norddeutsche Wollkämmerei und Kammgarnspinnerei, one of the largest textile works on the Continent, says: 'We must draw attention to the dangers with which our business is confronted by taxes as high as those of 1924. In that year we had to pay in taxes an amount fully twelve times as high as we paid in 1913. This amount exceeded the net profits achieved in our best year before the war. It was only possible to pay it by drawing on capital and because we had an excellent year behind us, but it cannot be contested that to draw on capital to pay taxes is in the long run economically impossible.' One of the largest iron works in Rhenish-Westphalia writes: 'In 1913 taxation amounted to 12.1 per cent of the profits. Assuming that similar profits had been made in 1924, taxation would have constituted 60.78 per cent of them, but as a loss and not a profit was realized taxes had to be paid from capital or credit.'

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BRITISH ROTARIANS IN AMERICA

THE British Rotarians who have been visiting America returned to their native land immensely impressed with the wealth and prosperity of all classes, particularly the workers, in the United States. They reported Prohibition a success, but in the same breath deplored our crime wave. One of the delegates described his impressions as follows: —

We were greatly struck, too, with the progress made by the Negroes. There are whole districts in Chicago of large houses in handsome thoroughfares occupied by rich Negroes, who are to be seen driving about in their own motor-cars. One American said, 'The Negro is growing so rich, bootlegging, that we cannot get him to work.'

What impressed us very much was the great influx of Polish and Central European aliens. I took the opportunity of expressing regret that the Americans had not realized the unemployment problem in this country and removed some of the restrictions. From the point of view of their own interests they should not allow their race to be more or less contaminated by this influx of aliens. We could not help observing the reckless wealth of America and the tremendous life of pleasure there. Everywhere one went there were wonderful country hotels and country clubs on a scale that could not be realized in this country. The American has gone crazy over golf.

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CONVERSING ACROSS THE PACIFIC

THE Conference on Race Relations that ended its sessions at Honolulu last July listened to some plain speaking behind closed doors. Probably all the delegates returned to their respective homes only strengthened in their original convictions. Japanese papers were impressed by the uncompromising attitude of American defenders of exclusion. At the same time Korean delegates and other representatives of oppressed nations and minorities had some embarrassing things to say about the imperialism of their fellow racials in the Orient.

Though some Pacific conferences may have their prickly aspects, there is a commendable get-together movement astir, of which Honolulu appears to be the focus, along all the shores of the world's greatest ocean. A Convention of the Rotary Clubs from all lands bordering on the Pacific will be held there next year. A Pan-Pacific Conference of Labor organizations, for which the first suggestion came from Australia, is on the schedule of coming events. A congress of Asiatic Labor has also been summoned to meet at Shanghai under Japanese auspices.

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MINOR NOTES

A RECENT report on the private property of the Hapsburgs discloses the fact that the Empress Maria Theresa established in 1765 a family fund valued at nearly six million gold florins, or well toward $2,500,000. This fund was invested in two great estates in Lower Austria under a provision that two thirds of the income should be constantly added to the capital. This provision seems to have been enforced, and by the end of 1918, when defeat and revolution overtook Austria-Hungary, this fortune had become an immense one even judged by the ampler standards of our time. It embraced five estates in Czechoslovakia, five in Austria, and great tracts of land in Hungary, besides a large amount of real estate and personal property in Vienna. The household linen of the Hapsburgs, mostly personal apparel, numbered over 68,000 pieces. Their porcelain was valued at almost $400,000. That portion of the Hapsburg estate that lay in Czechoslovakia was confiscated by the Government in accordance with the Peace Treaty. Austria took over what it could lay hands on by virtue of a special law passed in 1919, and Karolyi's Government sequestrated the property in Hungary in November of the previous year.

THE London *Times* recently referred to Mr. Baldwin as England's Abraham Lincoln. The *New Statesman*, however, will not have our President's name thus taken in vain, and protests: 'He has exhibited the generous instincts of a Lincoln, and something perhaps of his detached insight into the minds of his fellow countrymen, but surely, hitherto, nothing at all of Lincoln's strength.' His surrender to the miners in the coal crisis and to the Admiralty on the new-cruiser question are, in this editor's opinion, signs of weakness.

CAILLAUX THE CONJURER

'Nothing in my hands, nothing in my pockets — everything in the taxpayers' pockets.' — *Aux Écoutes*, Paris

A NATURAL MISTAKE

ONLOOKER. 'Caught anything, Bo?'
WINSTON. 'I'm not fishing. I'm teaching swimming.' — *Daily Express*, London

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DARWINISM UP TO DATE[1]

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

[THE author, a grandson of Thomas Huxley, the great protagonist of evolution, is senior demonstrator in zoölogy at Oxford University, and a distinguished authority in that science. For several years he was attached to the faculty of Rice Institute at Houston, Texas.]

To give a brief survey of the topic of evolution is not easy. Perhaps the best method is to attack it from three different angles. In the first place we have the problem — the problem set by the facts of nature to man's inquiring mind. Next we have the solution of that problem as found by Darwin and modified by later workers. And finally we have the corollaries and consequences which flow from that solution, and are many of them of the greatest importance for the general thought of the age.

In the first place, it was found that the animals of the world fall obviously into a few main groups, — not more than a dozen in all, — each characterized by its own particular plan of structure. For instance, a horse, a sparrow, a tortoise, a frog, and a mackerel, in spite of their differences, all possess a common plan — internal supporting skeleton; brain enclosed in skull; tubular spinal cord along the back; heart ventral; two pairs of limbs; eyes, ears, and nose of special pattern and definite arrangement. A lobster, on the other hand, has an external skeleton, many pairs of limbs, no skull, heart on the back, and nerve-cord ventral, compound eyes, organs of smell on the feelers, and so forth. Not only so, but most of these peculiarities are shared by numerous other creatures, such as spiders, moths, beetles, centipedes, king crabs, and shrimps.

Then we find that within a single group a given organ may be adapted for all sorts of different functions and yet retain one structural plan throughout. The stock example of this is the vertebrate forelimb, which may be a fin, a paddle, a wing, a running organ, or a hand, and yet always possesses a characteristic type of ground-plan. Within a group, again, different animals resemble each other more closely the farther back we trace their development. We expect a baby to distinguish a pig from a horse or a crocodile from a hen; and yet it would puzzle the average man to do so if he were given early embryos instead of grown animals. What was the reason for this? Or again, what was the reason for the possession of 'rudimentary organs' such as the tail-skeleton or body-hair of man, or the hind-limb bones of whales?

Why, again, were animals distributed over the face of the globe in the peculiar fashion which we find? The old explanation that each has been placed in the situation where it will thrive best will not hold water. More often an alien importation will thrive inordinately, like the rabbit in Australia or the house sparrow in America, and oust the native products; and yet we find whole groups such as the arma-

From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *August* 13, 14, 15

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dillos restricted to the New World, or the kangaroos and their relatives to the Australian region.

Darwin was driven to an evolutionary hypothesis by two sets of distributional facts.

The first was this: that where a peculiar type of animal life is found in a region the extinct animals found fossil in that region will be of this same general type, although not identical with the present-day forms. For instance, in the tertiary rocks of South America Darwin was struck by the presence of large armored animals obviously of the same type as the modern armadillos, which are confined to the New World, but differing from them in detail. How account for this combination of general resemblance combined with specific difference?

A little later the Beagle brought Darwin to the Galápagos Islands. These are far out in the Pacific, a widely scattered group, one island often a couple of hundred miles from another. The nearest land is Western South America. Almost every one of the islands was inhabited by birds belonging to a certain finchlike family. The birds which they most closely resembled are found on the western slopes of the Andes. Further, the birds on the different islands were not identical: almost every island, however small, had its own peculiar species.

We have mentioned fossils. Later work in this field made the problem assume more definite form. It was found, not merely that the fossils of one area are usually of the same general type as the species that inhabit that area to-day, but that often almost unbroken series can be traced from one fossil-form through others and up to the living species. Of recent years this has been achieved with great success for the horses and the elephants. Not only this, but as we go back farther and farther in the history of the earth, as revealed by the rocks and fossils, which cannot lie, the 'higher' types drop out and only the 'lower' remain. This is best seen in the vertebrates, in which no bird or mammal is found before the secondary, no land animal before the coal-measure, period.

We also mentioned rudimentary organs and the tendency of animals to be more like each other as embryos than as adults. Later work combined these two sets of facts in a very striking way, by showing that frequently the embryo of one kind of animal showed marked resemblances to the adult of another kind of animal in regard to structures which are used by the adult but are only 'rudimentary' and not employed for the same purpose by the embryo. The classical case of this is the possession by the embryos of all land vertebrates, including man, of gill-slits, although without gills, on the side of the head in identical position and arrangement to those of fish, and of an unjointed gelatinous rod, the notochord, such as is possessed by the adult lancelet in place of the jointed bony backbone.

Long before Darwin's time men had speculated upon the possible evolution of one species or one type of animals from others. Even if we leave out of account the suggestions of other eras of thought, such as those of the ancient Greek epoch or of Saint Augustine in the early period of Christianity, and confine ourselves to the unitary development of Western thought which started with the Renaissance, we find numerous thinkers who advanced evolutionary theories. Prominent among these were Erasmus Darwin, Lamarck, and Robert Chambers. The merit of Charles Darwin, however, was twofold. First, the facts themselves assumed a

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new form in his hands. As presented by his predecessors, they had provided a legitimate basis for speculation. His industry and patient reasoning piled and shaped them until they formed a chain of circumstantial evidence so cogent that but one conclusion was possible. And, secondly, he provided a theory to account for the facts and the conclusions drawn from them, and a theory which in its broad lines was seen at once to satisfy all the requirements made on it. That is to say, whereas the theories advanced by earlier evolutionists had been either vague to uselessness or at variance with biological knowledge, Darwin, at the same time that he made inevitable the conclusion that evolution had occurred, provided a plausible and reasonable explanation of the mechanism by which evolution could have been brought about.

What the evidence was that he collected in such overwhelming battalions I have just attempted to outline. He marshaled it and showed that all of it was consistent with the idea that the various forms within a group had developed or evolved from some common ancestral form, while a great deal of it was inconsistent with the only other theory that had been put forward to account for the facts — namely, the theory that all the hundreds of thousands of different existing species had been created as they are, once and for all, by a divine fiat. Indeed, for much of the evidence *no* other theory seemed possible than that of evolution. Especially was this true of the succession of related fossil-types in the rocks of one area, and of the existence in embryos of higher animals of organs like gill-slits or notochord now found in the adults of lower types from which the higher forms could be presumed to be descended.

People sometimes talk of the theory of evolution as 'only a theory.' It is 'only' a theory in this sense — that no one has yet watched all the stages by which one species is produced from another species or one group from another group; and this, of course, is chiefly a matter of time, since evolutionary processes appear to demand centuries or millenniums instead of years or decades. But a scientific theory, in the accepted and proper sense of the term, is, as opposed to a mere hypothesis, an attempted explanation which not only satisfies the known facts but enables us to prophesy other facts, and does so better than any other explanation that has been advanced.

This is very much the case with the theory of evolution. Generations of biologists have been digging up facts all over the world since 1859, yet no single one of these has been hostile to the theory of evolution. Many of them, especially the detailed studies of fossils and the proof of the chemical similarity of the blood of animals which the evolutionist claims as closely related, support it more cogently and in greater detail than those which Darwin had at his command. And many of the facts have been unearthed because the evolution theory made us suspect that they should be there if search were made — for instance, the discovery of extinct men and ape-men in varying degrees intermediate between modern man and the higher apes.

Let me repeat that not only does it account for the facts better than any other theory, but that no other theory has ever been advanced that is not immediately and conclusively negatived by large bodies of known fact. In this way evolution is as much a fact as that mountains have been raised by foldings of the earth's crust, deep valleys carved out by erosion, and islands

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like our own separated from the mainland by gradual subsidence. The evidence in both cases is circumstantial, not direct; but it is none the less conclusive.

The new method that Darwin advanced to account for evolution was what he called natural selection. The following was his line of argument. If we look at the domestic breeds of one animal, we shall often — as with dogs or pigeons, for instance — find them so different from each other that a systematist unacquainted with the facts would classify them in different species, genera, or even families. This diversity has been brought about by the artificial selection of man in a few centuries or at most millenniums. If we can find any selective process at work in nature it would have whole æons in which to work, and could account for the diversity of animal and plant forms, for the beautiful way in which they are adapted to their mode of life, and for the fact that improvement accompanied by extinction of less satisfactory types has taken place during geological time. Now, as Darwin proceeded to point out, this selective process must exist, since it follows automatically from the following known facts. First, that variations are constantly occurring in all directions in organisms; secondly, that certain kinds at least of these variations are inherited; thirdly, that in all species, even the slowest-breeding, more young are produced than can survive. This last fact must lead to a *struggle for existence;* this will lead to a *survival of the fittest;* and this, with the aid of the first two sets of facts, to a progressive hereditary alteration of species — in other words, to evolution.

Other explanations of evolution have been offered. The only ones that demand serious consideration are various modifications of the original Lamarckian hypothesis, which assume that the effects of use and disuse, the effects of training, or the direct effects of external environment, accumulate in the race — in other words, that acquired characters are inherited.

For this, however, no conclusive proof has ever been offered. Weismann showed on what unsatisfactory evidence the accepted belief in the process rested. Later work, such as that of Kammerer, has not yet been accepted because so far no other scientist has been able to confirm his results. It is highly probable that in certain cases we shall find outer agencies affecting the germ plasm; but it is to all intents and purposes certain that neither the important large steps in evolution nor the fine details of adaptation of organs can have been accomplished by this means.

The key to the problem remains in the study of variation. Variation of evolutionary value starts in the hereditary constitution, not in the modifications brought about by the effects of the outer world or of use and disuse. But what causes this 'spontaneous' inner variation? This is one of the greatest of the unsolved problems of biology.

The record of the rocks is but an imperfect one of which we possess only the concluding chapters. In the earliest fossiliferous strata almost all the main groups of animals are already to be recognized. This is because earlier rocks have in part been eroded and denuded away to nothing, to supply material for new deposits; and in part because what is left has been so crushed and heated that all traces of fossil remains have been squashed or roasted out of recognizable existence. Our most direct evidence for evolution thus fails us when we come to consider the relationship of the large groups to each other — for example, of the insects

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with the vertebrates. On the other hand, the evidence from embryology hints at fundamental resemblances in the early stages of all many-celled animals, and these, together with the study of comparative anatomy and the belief in continuity, — a belief necessary as a basis for any scientific work, — lead us to far-reaching conclusions.

We believe, for instance, on reasonably good grounds, that all higher animals are descended from some small three-layered type; that this, again, was derived from a two-layered type similar to the polyps we find alive to-day; and that all two-layered, many-celled animals originally developed from a colony of single cells, and this from a single-celled ancestor that we should now classify among the single-celled Protozoa. A similar sort of descent could be found for plants, and we should eventually reach a common ancestor for both plants and animals, of which, as of some organisms now existing, it would be impossible to state whether it were the one or the other, since it combined characteristics of both. Thus the evolution theory has led us to see all life as one single stream of living matter, flowing onward in a myriad separate channels. Each individual has grown from a detached bit of some other individual, each species has developed from another earlier species, the different groups have diverged from one original group.

This complete continuity of all life is obviously an important general concept. Even more important is the second corollary — namely, that our most economical hypothesis is to assume that living matter was itself originally evolved from not-living matter. Here of course the evidence is vague and indirect only. One can merely say that there is nothing fundamental against it, a good deal for it, and that we are right on grounds of economy of hypothesis in adopting it until some more satisfactory alternative is advanced.

This has important bearings upon our notions of mind and its relations to matter. The manifestations of mind have evolved *pari passu* with those of matter; and we can draw no hard-and-fast line and say, Here mind begins; below this life must be mindless. No; the principle of continuity again demands that in all organisms from the lowest to the highest there shall inhere something that is of an essentially similar nature to mind in ourselves. It may be as much below the level of our mind as the scarcely detectable electric changes accompanying the secretion of a gland-cell are below those of a lightning-flash, and it may be, and probably is at the start, of no direct use to its possessor.

The same conclusion, if we accept the view of the genesis of life from not-life, applies to matter that is not living. Thus evolution is the link between psychology and the physicochemical sciences, and drives us toward the conclusion that the substance of which the universe is composed is not matter any more than it is mind, but a 'world-stuff,' an X, for which we have as yet no name, which must always have both mental and material properties. So far we have no means of measuring or even detecting minute changes in mental properties, so that the knowledge that physics and chemistry give us of the world is confined to a knowledge of its material aspects.

In this way biology is a necessary corrective to physics and chemistry; and it is essential that if science is to be taught in schools it shall not be only physical and chemical science, but shall include some biology as well. It is of importance as a corrective too in another important respect —

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namely, in emphasizing evolutionary progress.

Here we return to more concrete ground and more definite evidence. The fact of progress, in any real sense of the word, having taken place in the course of evolution is often denied even by professional biologists. But this is a good case of not seeing the wood for the trees.

It is usually denied on the ground that survival is the only true biological test, and that therefore all organisms that manage to exist are more or less equally 'high.' However, a mere glance at human invention will show us that this is a wrong way to look at the problem. Handcarts and horse-drawn vehicles still survive in the streets of London, but nobody would deny that the mechanically propelled vehicle represents real progress over the horse-drawn — is on the whole a 'higher type.' What is forgotten is not only that the lower type can often exist alongside of the higher by virtue of its being suited to certain kinds of function, but also that sometimes the continued existence of the lower type is the foundation for that of the higher.

Railroads were for decades the highest type, in most respects, of human locomotive mechanism, but they would not be satisfactory without the continued existence of the earlier and 'lower' road traffic. Thus we shall only expect to measure progress by the rise of achievement's upper level, not to find it simultaneously throughout all life.

Progress is to be measured by other standards than mere survival. Efficiency of individual parts, greater strength and size, better coördination of the parts to produce a more harmonious and single whole — these are the objective signs of biological progress. And they lead to greater control by the organism over its environment, and its greater independence of its environment.

As a matter of observed fact, one of the most striking aspects of biological progress to be observed in the geological history of the higher animals is the great relative increase in the size of the brain — seen in nearly all groups of mammals in the early and middle Tertiary, and still more markedly, but only in a single line, in the later Tertiary, with as result the genesis of man.

This whole topic of biological progress is of the greatest general interest. For one thing, we are enabled to see on the broadest scale the gradual increase in the importance of brain and mind relative to the rest of the organic machinery, culminating in man with his complete dominance of mind. Then it shows us our own place in the scheme of things, and a moving instead of a stationary scheme. We are the trustees of evolution: our ideas of progress point us, on the whole, in the same direction that was traced by prehuman progressive evolution. But in prehuman evolution a blind and slow mechanism was at work; with us, a purposeful consciousness, capable of accelerating the process almost indefinitely, and, if we are willing to take the trouble, of eliminating most of the wastage associated with the crude though efficient methods of natural selection.

Enough will have been said to show that the study of evolution not only has enabled us to bring order out of chaos in the field of pure biology, but gives us a most important part of our general background, against which our human problems, of statesmanship, of morals, of philosophy, of religion, stand out in a new and different light.

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THE TWILIGHT OF NATIONS[1]

A BOLSHEVIST FANTASY

BY OTTO STEINICKE

[THIS is a rhapsodic chapter from a Bolshevist *Looking Backward*, which is announced to appear in Germany. It is not without interest as an illustration of the tactics and objectives of Communist agitation.]

THE spirit of the city had completely changed. The middle classes hesitated to admit it, but the workers had the moral upper hand. There was a new grimness in their attitude as they pressed past the bright show-windows of the great shops. A bold and challenging light flashed in their eyes.

A huge crowd suddenly gathered in Potsdam Place, stopped the stream of passing traffic for a few minutes, cheered and shouted, and then vanished as quickly as it had gathered. Such incidents repeated here and there in the great metropolis produced an uncanny impression. No one in the crowds that thus assembled attempted to make a speech. People collected and dispersed, laughed and sang, jostled fat merchants hastening about their business, or slapped policemen on the shoulder and, pointing sarcastically at their revolvers, said, 'Comrade, you might as well have left that thing at home.' The policemen also acted strangely. They simply grinned — grinned even in Potsdam Place, instead of performing their routine duty of keeping traffic moving, preserving order, or arresting some innocent fellow on a bicycle and lugging him away to the police station.

Yes, the police conducted themselves quite absurdly in every respect. Two blue-uniformed fellows unfurled a big red flag at the corner of Bellevue Street, precisely in front of a fashionable shop. A crowd of laughing young people quickly surrounded them. Pedestrians stopped to stare at the spectacle as if hypnotized. The two officers with the big red flag threaded their way between the automobiles and tramcars to the traffic tower. Then the crowd began to cheer. Girls threw their hats and cloaks in the air. In the very middle of Potsdam Place! A great surge of self-confidence swept through the crowd when they saw the men in uniform climb the tower and unfurl the red flag over it.

Automobiles began to honk, chauffeurs throttled down their cars and honked and honked, and men shouted and stamped and waved their arms in the air. Everybody in Potsdam Place seemed to have gone mad. Shopgirls rushed out of shops, white-jacketed waiters from the neighboring hotels mingled with the crowd clapping their hands. The last *Schieber* instantly vanished from Café Furstenhoff and Café Josty.

It was a test mobilization. The workers held many such mobilizations about this time. Their boldness, their daring, knew no bounds. One day all

[1] From *Die Rote Fahne*, (Berlin official Communist daily), *August* 2

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the traffic of Berlin stood still for three hours. There was n't room enough for a leaf to fall on the asphalt of Potsdam Place. For three hours a dense mass of men packed the great square. Then everything suddenly resumed its normal aspect. The people in charge, the workingmen's group commanders, gave an order and the different units scattered and vanished. Curious spectators went their way. The street-car conductors telephoned to their stations. 'Yes,' came the reply, 'we've heard about it. We've been waiting here an hour for you to get in. Yes, the whole Board of Directors is here.' In all the shops the employees gathered in little groups and talked. The salesladies no longer took interest in serving Wertheim's customers. They served themselves to refreshments in the café and talked enthusiastically about the great scene outside.

The policemen stood there with their carbines and grinned — grinned as they had the day before. And they too gazed benevolently at the great fluttering red flag.

These manœuvres were obviously well organized. They all came off like clockwork. Sometimes the gathering would be at one point, sometimes at another. Motorists had already grown cautious of Kurfürstendamm. Other disturbing incidents occurred. Masters and mistresses sent their servants out to learn the news, and the latter fraternized with the demonstrators. 'Yes, indeed, they sent us; they're afraid.' And these young women from Wedding laughed heartily. 'Never mind, we'll drag 'em out of their holes — those gracious masters and mistresses of yours — before long.' And the pretty maids understood, and whispered and giggled. They no longer had any respect for their employers, and betrayed all their secrets.

Conditions had likewise changed completely in the factories. Owners crept here and there with corpse-like countenances as if they expected to be the first to be hanged. Many would no longer let their men call them 'Mister.' 'No, we're all comrades, you know.' Workers' Committees were in practical control of every establishment.

And there was something more yet — the Communist Cells. These Cells were the heart of the agitation throughout the whole country. People did n't know exactly what a Cell was — whether it was identical with Workers Committees, or something different. Were the Cells secret, were they public, were they political labor-committees? They worked mysteriously and made their presence felt everywhere, in every nook and corner of an establishment. They were both secret and public. In one place they called themselves Works Committees, and in another place Workers' Committees. The proletariat had boundless faith in the Cells. Whatever they ordered was carried out, down to the minutest detail. They were as dependable and prompt as a Swiss watch. The Cells had secured control of the trade-unions; or, in the few instances where this had not yet been accomplished, the old trade-union leaders slunk around like whipped dogs and 'supposed that after all the Bolsheviki were right.' The Cells, in a word, were the new state within the State. They were the real rulers of the country.

Or if they were not quite that as yet, everything was ready to make them so. They were working vigorously to seize power. A series of strikes and demonstrations organized by them had swept across Europe like wildfire, shaking the capitalist system to its foundations. The people of the middle classes were whispering into each other's ears the fearful word '*Cheka*.' That word had

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been merely a conventional scarecrow a few years ago. It had ceased to be so now. It was a grim reality. Only last year people had ridiculed the idea that the Cheka would ever rule the masses. How could an Asiatic institution like that get a foothold in enlightened Germany? Now it had gained that foothold, though at the cost of blood and tears. And the Asiatic institution suddenly proved to be an up-to-date European mechanism.

The Bolshevist Cells had not sprung up overnight. The Communist Party had labored heroically to form them. They bore the scars of thousands of wounds and battles. But now they were powerful and fearless and steeled for the combat, while the bourgeoisie was intimidated and paralyzed.

The capitalist government was panic-stricken and helpless not only in Germany but also in France, England, and Japan, and even America.

In the latter two countries revolution was lifting its head out of a chaos of war — the very chaos that Lenin so confidently predicted.

Aye, the Devil was abroad in those lands, the Devil of blood-gorged imperialism. And this Devil was making merry. His eyes glittered with joy as he watched America's mobilization. The sailors on the battleships along the American coast swaggered as carelessly as if they were going to a dance. And the Devil breathed into each man's ear, *Auf Wiederschen*. The huge throats of the guns in the batteries at San Francisco and Boston, at Philadelphia and New York, bellowed their salutes. And the Devil straddled the great guns, waving his arms and gesticulating with joy. And he cried through the throats of the New York mob: 'Down with war! Long live Lenin!' And he nudged the policemen of Manhattan with his cloven hoof and laughed in their ears: 'Down with the Bolsheviki! Long live the United States!' Thereupon the Devil laughed again a wild, exultant laugh.

And the Devil was busy everywhere in Tokyo. He rode with galloping cavalry through the streets of Yokohama and Osaka. He breathed revolution on the shining bayonets of yellow soldiers. He whisked like a gust of wind across the decks of the warships and the yellow sailors grew restless and excited. He blew his hot breath into the great oil tanks and red flames leaped high over the war-racked city. Four hundred and eighty million Chinese along the Hwang, the Yangtze, and the Chu-Kiang followed the Devil, the fire-rider with the Soviet banner, past the ruins of their Great Wall and across the Himalayas; and they bore the bidding of Moscow to Peking and Canton, to Shanghai and Hongkong. The Devil bent Buddha and Allah to his will, and Brahma on the banks of the Ganges threw himself into his arms.

The Devil of Moscow put one hundred thousand miles of propaganda behind him in a second. He danced and shrieked and sang on ether waves around the entire globe. He called to the Bedouins of the Sahara and to the Arabs of the Asiatic wastes, and they heeded his word. He stirred the Eskimos, the Moors, the blacks of the plantations in the Molukkas and the Philippines. He paused a moment at the Panama Canal to cheer for the Third International. He waved a greeting to the Egyptians in Cairo, and millions of fellahs, brown-faced followers of the Prophet, ecstatically responded. He leaped lightly across the Sudan to the headwaters of the Nile, over the heads of the English, giving them a mischievous flip with his barbed tail as he passed. On the Congo, in Madagascar, and in Indo-China he thrust whips in the hands of the slaves and grazed contemptuously with his

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cloven hoofs the backs of their exploiters. In Australia he thrust rifles in the hands of the workers and whispered, 'Morgan and the City.' In Argentina and Canada he sowed Soviet stars broadcast in the munitions works. In Brazil and Mexico the Devil brought brown-skinned rancheros and peons greetings from the Russian peasants, and waited not to listen to their wild applause in his mad dance around the globe. Nor was Europe an idle spectator. All England gaped open-eyed at gigantic demonstrations in London, Hull, Glasgow, and Birmingham, and in Dublin and Belfast. Her ancient Empire creaked and shivered in every joint on the day that America declared war and mobilized against Japan.

'Hands off China!' One convulsive shout shook the British Isles. Mutilated radiograms reported uprisings in the colonies. The City had mobilized the civic guard. Her banking and governmental centre was encircled by a double cordon of Fascisti bayonets. None the less, the foreign securities in the chests of the Bank of England sank to zero. Infantry and cavalry regiments, batteries of artillery and aviation squadrons, were concentrated at every port to bring the Dominions to reason.

An ecstasy of feverish exhilaration swept over the United Kingdom. Lloyd George 'trembled for the Empire,' and his pathetic cadences were repeated by loud-speakers on every street-corner in London and the provinces. But the Scotch miners refused to be charmed by his silvery eloquence. They tumbled him into a dirty coal-cart and threatened to throw him into an abandoned shaft if he were not silent. The English trade-unions neglected to muzzle betimes the capitalist press and to put their own men in charge of the *Daily Mail* and the *Times* — the way Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg took possession of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* in 1918. Consequently they were bombarded at first with prophecies of national ruin. 'Britannia's Last Day.' 'A Thousand French Aviators Seen above Dover!' 'Abjure the Red Traitors!' 'Save Britannia's Honor and Civilization!' 'America Calls for Britain's Aid!' But at the same time the honest old *Manchester Guardian* shouted these warning words: 'Save Canada from the claws of the Americans!' The *Daily News* raved: 'Soviet Russia promises Japan that Europeans shall be her coolies.' And the *Evening Post* chimed in with sensational articles about 'The Yellow Peril in the Heart of London!' Yes, it was a Witches' Sabbath for the bourgeois press. The agony of fear that had seized the City and the House of Lords fairly oozed from their pages in bloody perspiration, as the fog drips from one's clothing on a London November day.

Bernard Shaw suffered one of his famous cataleptic fits. He issued a preposterous proclamation, printed in huge letters in the *Times*, abusing British longshoremen because they refused to load army transports. 'Blood has been shed in London streets on that account, and civil war threatens to wipe out our civilization.' Shaw frothed at the mouth like an angry zebra.

But the workers were under stern and disciplined leadership. The *Daily Herald* was able to correct the false rumors of an alleged aviation attack by France. For four hours no news came from that country. The Eiffel Tower sent out only strange, incomprehensible signals. The sole suggestion of gas bombs from across the Channel was the odor from the leaky pipes and meters in the cellars where the aristocrats and bourgeoisie were hiding.

That night the General Executive of

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the Trade Unions met. It met illegally, and the chairman reported bloody conflicts with the British Fascisti in every industrial centre. The mobilization was at a standstill. The working classes were stirred as never before. A huge procession of workingwomen from the East End had packed for hours every approach to the Houses of Parliament. These women had hurled missiles at Conservative members, but the Highlanders had refused to clear the streets with bayonets. A cordon of police was with difficulty holding back the indignant mob only ten feet from the doors of the Houses of Parliament. The masses demanded instant information regarding every action of Parliament in the crisis. Harry Pollit announced in the course of the debate that the next day a general strike would be proclaimed throughout the United Kingdom.

Finally the House of Commons, forced by the insistence of the workers, declared that Great Britain would not associate herself with America's 'irresponsible and criminal enterprise,' which had set the whole world in commotion. News of this resolution was the signal for the simultaneous outbreak of mutinies and revolts on every vessel in the British fleet and in every military unit encamped on her shores.

The twilight of the British Empire deepened quickly into darkness. Cape Town and New Zealand seceded; Canada followed suit immediately. The *Manchester Guardian*, now edited by a revolutionary committee, reported a revolt in Singapore. On the second day after the announcement of the mobilization, every London paper was edited by the workers. The rank and file in the army and the navy went over to the revolutionary camp, at first hesitantly, then with flying banners. There was wild rejoicing in Ireland and Scotland. Local Soviets, which had sprung up everywhere throughout the country, sent delegates to London to form a new government. Its members informed the whole world by wireless that Great Britain disinterested herself in China, applauded the victorious revolution in India, and hailed with joy the revolution of workers and peasants in Australia. England renounced imperialism. She recognized the right of every colonial people in the world to rule itself.

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TWO ASPECTS OF ITALY

I. A LAND OF UNPUNISHED MURDER[1]

CHRONICLES of Fascist justice are adorned with another 'glorious' chapter. A man is beaten to death on the public streets. The murderers and their instigators go about unmolested for months. At length, incontrovertible evidence having been presented against them, they are placed under arrest. The trial shows clearly that they are guilty, but the jury lets them go free, and they are borne off in triumph by their fellow Fascisti as heroes and martyrs. In the same issues of the press that describe their acquittal we find the following short notice from Castellammare, a seaside resort on the Adriatic: —

'Matteotti's widow and her oldest son have been here spending a short time quietly at the seaside. During the first days of their sojourn they were not disturbed; but as soon as the local residents and the guests at the hotels learned of their presence a great many called daily at their lodgings and left flowers for them. This did not please a few of the local Fascisti, who did everything in their power to make trouble for the lady. Last evening they gathered under the window of her lodgings, and to the accompaniment of catcalls, and of whistles, squawkers, and similar instruments, sang ribald and indecent songs to disturb her. As a result, the lady felt compelled to leave early this morning.'

Superficially these incidents may seem unrelated, but they illustrate the same fact — that brutal rowdies and assassins can do what they like in Italy with complete immunity from punishment.

Fascist tactics can be summarized under two names: Matteotti and Minzoni. How Matteotti, the highly esteemed Socialist leader in Parliament, was assassinated by Fascisti bravos is known to all the world. The case of the priest Minzoni has been less widely heralded.

Minzoni, Archpresbyter in the town of Argenta in Central Italy, was no Socialist. The Fascisti could not accuse him of being antinational or international. When the war broke out he went to the front as a volunteer chaplain, and was sent as a chaplain lieutenant to the foremost firing-line. He was decorated three times for personal bravery. When he returned from the war he resumed his duties as a priest. He devoted himself especially to Catholic young people, founded Catholic educational societies, and was widely esteemed as a pious and zealous clergyman.

But Archpresbyter Minzoni was no Fascist. Indeed, he opposed that Party. He defended resolutely and courageously the Catholic coöperative societies and labor-unions against Fascist violence. He founded a society of Catholic Boy Scouts as an antidote to the Fascist *Balilla*, which is an organization of boys from six to twelve years old, who are drilled with clubs and taught to sing songs extolling the dagger and other murderous weapons.

[1] From *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna Conservative-Socialist daily), *August* 9

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Consequently the Fascisti came to regard the Catholic Archpresbyter as their open enemy.

They told him what was coming to him. They warned him; they threatened him. It made no difference. Don Minzoni was thirty-eight years old, a big, stalwart, fearless man. He was strong in his faith in his work. He knew the Fascisti well. He told his brother that he thought he might be in personal danger. He took out an insurance policy against injuries causing physical incapacity.

But the Fascisti were not satisfied with mere physical incapacity. One evening when Don Minzoni, accompanied by a friend, was returning home from a Catholic cinema entertainment, the other people on the street saw two husky youths armed with heavy bludgeons run up behind the two men and beat them furiously over their heads from behind. Minzoni's companion was only slightly injured, but Don Minzoni himself was struck down unconscious. His friend helped to take him home, where he murmured a few unintelligible words in Latin and died.

This happened about two years ago, on August 25, 1923. The outrage shocked all Italy. General de Bono promised to do everything in his power to bring the guilty to justice. But the guilty were not found. Or, more properly, no effort was made to find them. On the day of the crime two young men were seen in Argenta, inquiring when Don Minzoni's Catholic cinema entertainment would be over. Immediately after the murder the same two men were seen to mount bicycles and hurry away to a small place in the neighborhood. Everyone knew that they had been hidden at the home of the leader of the local Fascisti. Everyone knew the men who instigated the crime, although those who actually committed it were strangers. But the police were deaf and blind.

Eventually, however, a bomb fell into the Fascist camp. The former secretary of the local Fascist lodge resigned from the Party, and gave a Catholic Member of Parliament a memorial in which he told the whole story. He himself had taken the two assassins to a place of safety in an automobile. He himself had learned from the president of the local Fascisti lodge all the details of the planning and commission of the crime. The former Fascist who wrote this memorial has now fled from Italy to escape the vengeance of his former associates. The correctness of his information, however, was evident from the fact that his revelations compelled General Balbo of the Black Shirts, who is also a Member of Parliament, to resign. The people named as having planned and committed the crime were also arrested.

For ten days the eight Fascisti who were immediately responsible for the assassination of Archpresbyter Minzoni stood before a jury in the city of Ferrara. The State's prosecuting attorney voluntarily withdrew the charges against two of them. He prosecuted the remaining six. They denied everything. Most of the witnesses kept their mouths shut for fear of Fascist vengeance, or else repudiated their earlier testimony. In spite of this intimidation, however, conclusive evidence was presented. Especially direct and to the point was that of the commander of the gendarmes at Argenta. But Ferrara is a Fascist stronghold. The jurors were only men. They acquitted the prisoners.

So Fascisti rowdies may freely continue bludgeoning peaceful citizens and clergymen.

And all this is only a prelude to the trial of the assassins of Matteotti.

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II. AMERICAN CAPITAL, JUST STEP INSIDE[1]

A VERY significant item has just appeared in the daily press announcing that a large American banking house has invested heavily in the Piedmont Hydroelectric Company — *Società idroelettrica piemontese*. The exact terms have not been published, but we know that this company has a share capital of six hundred million lire and that it is heavily interested in several hydroelectric companies in Liguria, Piedmont, Lombardy, and Trentino. This is, therefore, the first conspicuous instance of the investment of foreign capital in a really great Italian industrial enterprise.

The arrangement in question was concluded immediately after the abolition of the tax of fifteen per cent on the dividends upon 'to bearer' shares and is one of the first results of the new régime inaugurated after the fall of Minister de Stefani. The latter gentleman, as a matter of fact, never conceived and never could conceive, with his ossified, conservative, old-fashioned mind, a financial operation of this kind. He had hardly taken office when a small concession was made in order to encourage foreign capital, which had been tyrannized by our 'Bolshevist finance.' Interest on loans contracted abroad was exempted from the tax of intangible property. But almost immediately afterward this policy was reversed, and the tax upon foreign investments was raised from 4.20 to 4.50 lire per thousand. De Stefani's chief preoccupation was not to favor foreign capital more than he did local capital. In a word, he was a faithful disciple of the traditions of middle-class Italy: 'Italy can go it alone.' His economic theories were those of a Liberal. We had some good examples of that in the way he resisted the assaults of those demanding high duties upon sugar, flour, grain, and similar articles. But he was a Nationalist at heart. Under his régime the country even indulged in the luxury, seen to be utter folly now, of exporting capital. Poland, Rumania, and other nations were able to extract hundreds of millions from our depleted coffers. At the same time, we had to appeal to Morgan for money to arrest the precipitate fall of the lira — a decline that recorded like an infallible barometer our increasing lack of capital.

Signor Volpi, the new Minister of Finance, appears to have seen how untenable this situation is. He claims to be an ultra-Nationalist. But in reality he is a new man with modern economic ideas, and is practically familiar with international finance. He has an instinctive conviction that our country, more than almost any other, cannot indulge in a go-it-alone policy. He perceives that we must have recourse to international capital in order that our own resources may multiply.

Furthermore, looking at the matter from the Conservative point of view, such a policy is inevitable if we are to repair the losses of the war. Absolutely those losses were colossal for every country; relatively they were heavier for Italy than for her allies. America and England were made poorer by the war, but Italy was impoverished immeasurably more.

Nevertheless, part of the responsibility for the present situation falls upon the Italian bourgeoisie. What is called 'the demagogic and Bolshevist' régime in Italy immediately after the war aimed to pay the costs of that conflict by taxes levied on the propertied classes. That policy was de-

[1] From *Avanti* (Milan official Socialist daily), *August 5*

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feated at first by parliamentary strategy and later by public violence. The result was what might logically be expected. Blocked in its effort to levy taxes upon accumulated wealth, the State was forced to have recourse to inflation. That gave our whole economic structure the artificial and fragile character that now distinguishes it, and is the ultimate reason why we have to go abroad for capital. If, as our Nationalist-Conservatives assert, this is a humiliation and means financial servitude, our propertied classes have only themselves to thank for that result.

Fortunately the picture is not so black as it looks. America is far away. Her money comes to us, but not her men. The present situation is not so justifiably disturbing as it was when Germany was active in our country. Berlin finance cherished ulterior purposes of political conquest. Germany's capitalists worked hand in hand with her rulers. America's expansion is purely mercantile. It is a necessity forced upon her.

This last fact we can utilize to our advantage. America's vast hoard of gold, which rests like an intolerable, undigested weight upon her financial organism, and its accompanying high prices, make it imperative for her financiers and capitalists to relieve this congestion as soon as possible. The United States needs a financial bloodletting as much as Italy needs financial blood-transfusion. America's huge productive organism will soon find no outlet for its wares unless new markets are opened for her.

American gold can be employed in Italy in either of two ways. It can be deposited in the vaults of our banks of issue and used to restore our depreciated currency to a gold basis, or it can be directly invested in our industries and augment their productive and consuming capacity. Whichever way is chosen, the result will be the same. An Italy whose money is on a gold basis, or whose industries are flourishing, will thereby help to sustain the prosperity of the United States. The whole tendency will be to promote closer commercial relations between them.

This is an extremely important consideration. Whatever tends to increase the economic disparity between two countries increases their mutual isolation. The present depreciation and instability of the lira as compared with the dollar is an obstacle to commercial intercourse between America and Italy, both because the lira's value in foreign exchange fluctuates capriciously, and because its purchasing power varies with the place where it is employed. A depreciated money will always buy more in the country where it circulates than it will elsewhere. In other words, a lira will buy far more domestic goods to-day as compared with foreign goods than it would if our money were not depreciated. That situation will last either until our currency is restored to a gold footing or until our industries expand to a point where the money in circulation is barely adequate to meet the needs of the country. The introduction of foreign capital in Italy is, furthermore, of direct interest to the laboring classes, for it has a tendency to lift the level and the standard of living at home to an equality with that of the wealthier countries from which this capital comes.

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ON THE WAY TO KARAKORAM. I[1]

MOUNTAINEERING IN REMOTEST KASHMIR

BY PHILIP C. VISSER

[THE author, a well-known Dutch explorer, describes in the following article the early stages of his expedition to the unexplored portions of one of the highest mountain ranges in the world. It lies in Northern Kashmir and its loftiest peaks are only seven hundred feet lower than Mount Everest.]

SPRING in Kashmir! No imagination can conceive its charm without the actual experience. The fragrance of blossoms fills the air. Thousands of fruit trees spread a blanket of tender bloom over the plain and the mountain-sides. Broad mustard fields color the landscape with their yellow glow. Irises, tulips, and other flowers carpet the earth and nod and sway in the bits of turf that cling to temple roofs and housetops. The young green of the giant chinar-trees is reflected in the smooth waters of lake and stream. The Garden of the Mogul is a riot of gorgeous blossoms — that wonderful garden reminiscent of princely glory and royal love of beauty. It is as if the approaching summer sun poured its creative power in a mighty flood across the plain of Srinagar as it lies embraced between the outspread arms of the Himalayas and the Pir Panjal.

Throughout this miracle of spring we lived upon a house boat that we called the Flying Dutchman. It was anchored in the shadow of an immense chinar-tree on the River Jhelum. We also had a little rowboat in which we made excursions to all sorts of idyllic places, where we reveled in the vernal luxuriance of flowers and fragrance that abounded everywhere in this fairyland.

But we had much to do preparing for our expedition. Tents, boats, and supplies must be provided; and long daily conversations were devoted to the details for our caravan.

Our party was to consist of my wife and myself and my friend Baron Harinxma Thoe Slooten — a name that proved an insoluble puzzle to our native servants, and to the postal and telegraph officials as well, and was speedily abbreviated to Baron. Then there were my old Swiss guide, Franz, who had been with me on many an Alpine climb and also in India once before, and a second guide, a young Swiss, previously unknown to me, named Johann. Besides these were the native members of our party. I had just taken energetic measures to rid myself of the Kashmir peddlers who insisted on forcing their wares upon us. Therefore I was in anything but an amiable mood one morning when a little, persistent-looking man with a jet-black beard, wearing a long tussah coat and trousers, started to walk down our gangplank, from which I had just chased a crowd of clamorous hucksters.

'Can I come up, Sahib?' the little fellow asked.

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *June* 13, 28

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I thought he was another silk-peddler. 'Come up!' I shouted from the roof of the house boat, red with anger.

'I won't trouble you long,' he said, with a broad but somewhat nervous smile.

'Trouble me!' I echoed. That was too much. I was just on the point of kicking him out when he added: —

'I 'm Affras Gul, your topographer.'

I barely recovered myself in time to unclench my fist and extend my opened hand in cordial greeting. This modest, thoughtful, energetic Indian gentleman proved a treasure. He spoke fairly good English; but when his vocabulary failed him he shouted so loudly that curious natives used to gather around to see what the trouble was about.

Among our regular servants the first in order was our Kashmir cook, who had already accompanied several well-known explorers upon expeditions into Central Asia. He was not only a cook, but a favorite butt for the wits of the other servants, and thankful as a child for a friendly word.

Allah Baksh was the Baron's personal servant. He was a dandy with a curled moustache, and when we were not watching was very proud of twirling the little swagger-stick that he proposed to take up the Karakoram Mountains with him. His confidence in himself was in inverse proportion to his altitude above the sea, and he was now near sea level.

Munir Khan was the personal servant of my wife and myself. He was an imposing man, covered with medals and conscious of his worth. He had taken part in two Mount Everest expeditions. Whenever he had a chance to do so he made the coolies wait on him; and he served us as rarely as possible.

The tenth member of our party was our topographer's servant. His loyalty to his master was quite out of the ordinary. Last of all I must mention Patiala, who was equally devoted to his master and mistress. He was the gentlest beast you can imagine, but had too good an opinion of mankind to be of value as a watchdog. Had he been a human being he would surely have believed in universal peace.

The Government of Kashmir placed at our disposal our four-roomed house boat, another house boat with two rooms for the guides and the topographer, a kitchen boat in which the servants lived, and a fourth boat for our luggage. We planned to drop down the river with this flotilla, to cross Wullar Lake, and to reach Bandipur in twenty hours. That was to be the starting-point for our caravan.

April 25 dawned with horrible weather. Thunder rumbled around the mountain peaks, rain fell in torrents, the wind howled through the trees, waves beat high against our boat. We set forth at four o'clock in the afternoon. A cinema man tried to film us while the current rapidly bore us down the stream. Black clouds clung to the mountain slopes. The gray town quickly vanished in a watery veil and darkness settled upon the land. Thus we slipped along between black banks into a new life, an unfamiliar country, and an unknown future.

About midnight what we had been expecting happened. The heavy rains had swollen the river until our house boat could no longer pass under the bridges. We were forced to stop just before the last of these, brought to a dead halt before our expedition was fairly under way. But our Indian topographer, whom we called for short Khan Sahib, refused to take the word of the boatmen. About three o'clock in the morning he went on land, ascended the bridge, unrolled his turban, and used it to measure the distance between the bridge and the water. The

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flood was subsiding. At six o'clock he took another measurement.

'Sahib,' he shouted, 'we can make it. But hurry up, for the water 's rising again.'

With stentorian voice he aroused the people on the neighboring houses and ordered them to crowd on to our boat. We cast loose and glided under the bridge. Keen suspense, great shouting and excitement — and we stuck fast!

Khan Sahib drove the natives across the bridge into the prow of the boat, and with a roar of jubilation she slid forward and through. Practically every person who lived anywhere in the vicinity had gathered on the bank to watch us, and every mother's son of them stretched out his hand for baksheesh, swearing that it was his weight that had saved the day.

We made rapid progress toward Wullar Lake, above which we could see patches of blue sky, harbingers of better weather. Every official and anyone who had any apology for pretending to be an official had gathered on the wharf at Bandipur to welcome us. Here the garrison provided eight wagons ready to carry our luggage.

We had carefully planned in advance the unloading and reloading of our equipment. The topographer and each of us Europeans were to take charge of specific articles of baggage. The scheme was perfect in theory, but faulty in practice. In two minutes such crazy confusion reigned that all I could do was to take my cinema apparatus and film the riot. Franz scratched his head and remarked, 'Sir, it looks as if we had never been away from home before.'

Consequently during our first day's march the caravan was in hopeless disorder. Our imposing procession practically organized itself, and I felt as if I were a member of a pageant. The parade was led by the heavily laden wagons, the first of which bore the Netherlands flag, which our servants thought made us more impressive. Next came the principal members of the party, on horseback, followed by mounted officials in queer Oriental costumes. Our servants wound up the parade, the cook, with a milk can in one hand and a basting-pan in the other, bringing up the rear. Even after him, however, and on both sides of us, circled a great party of men and boys begging baksheesh and declaring that they had labored arduously reloading our luggage.

We made camp a short distance beyond Bandipur. The evening landscape was wrapped in peace. A mountain stream sang its monotonous but welcome song in front of my tent as we discussed the task immediately ahead of us. The Himalayas are still wrapped in winter at the end of April, and both passes that we had to cross were buried in snow. But people who ought to know assured us that ponies could get through.

Consequently the following morning saw us struggling forward with forty-eight of these useful animals in tow, toward the dak bungalow at Fragbal, the first stage of our journey of one hundred and eighty miles to Gilgit, where we were to enter the true high-mountain country.

We were glad to leave Bandipur, for cholera was raging along the lake and spreading into the back country. Our route as far as Fragbal was a constant succesion of delights. The trail wound in and out along the base of the mountains and was bordered with a marvelous wealth of flowers, among which lilies predominated. The bungalow at Fragbal was beautifully situated in a grove of tall pine trees, with the view open to the south, so that we could look down upon the lake and across the plain of Srinagar, beyond which we were able to discern the snow-capped

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summit of Pir Panjal above its wreath of mist.

But we were not left in peace. Fresh snow had fallen not far above the bungalow, unusually far down into the forest belt for this season, and we were informed that it would not be possible to cross the pass with ponies. Johann made a reconnaissance and confirmed this information, so that there was nothing to do but send the animals back to Bandipur and to ask for ninety coolies in exchange. During the night the rain again fell in torrents, and the thunder rumbled and rolled incessantly. A violent wind howled around the bungalow and through the trees. The temperature fell until we were glad to hug the fire.

Next morning coolies began to arrive much sooner than we expected. They brought word from the *Teshildar* at Bandipur to the effect that he had sent for more coolies; and by evening we had seventy-three assembled. After some debate we decided to start early next morning with this number, leaving the representative of the Teshildar behind to send forward the other seventeen as soon as possible.

We had an interesting but strenuous trip over this first Himalaya pass. At ten thousand feet or more the snow was several feet deep and our carriers had great difficulty in advancing. They sank deeply into the snow and the whole procession had to halt and rest every fifty steps. The highest point was between eleven and twelve thousand feet above the sea. Beyond it the trail continued for miles downward through a perfect winter landscape. This made a deep impression upon Allah Baksh, for it was the first time he had ever brought his umbrella and swagger-stick into such scenery.

'Sahib,' he asked somewhat timidly, 'how deep is the snow here?'

'Four or five feet, Allah.'

'And we can't sink through it?'

'No, Allah.'

'How deep is the snow and ice on the Karakoram Range, master?'

'Oh, about a thousand feet, Allah.'

He stared at me with wide-open mouth. 'They say that there are deep chasms up there, Sahib.'

I nodded.

'So if I should fall into one I'd fall a thousand feet?' he conjectured with a look of resignation, adding after a moment's reflection, 'Then there would n't be any Allah Baksh after that.'

A fascination hovered over this wilderness of snow. It was soothing and yet threatening. The sky and the snow itself were just like those of the Alps. And yet we could feel that we were crossing the Himalayas, leaving India behind and penetrating the heart of Asia. Possibly our long, straggling line of toiling carriers, little black dots moving across the vast white landscape, was responsible for this impression.

We Europeans put on our skis, but could not do much with them because the snow was too sticky. The only result was to arouse the wonder and admiration of the coolies. They also thought it a remarkable thing for my wife to walk across the Himalayas at this time of the year. The servant who was detailed to carry her personal luggage at first wanted her to stop every hundred yards. He was astonished — and personally disappointed — when she kept right on without halting once.

The descent immediately below the snow-line was very steep, so that some of our coolies slipped and rolled, with more damage to their packs than to themselves. At the bungalow on the other side we found all the officials of the district assembled to greet us. Ninety fresh carriers were also waiting. The bungalow itself was a beautiful building, and a bright fire was burning in every room. The highest official

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present, the Teshildar, who had been instructed by his Government to see that we were provided for, decided to accompany us for the two days' journey as far as Bursil Chauki, the bungalow at the foot of the Bursil Pass on the boundary of his district.

This second pass, which is between twelve and thirteen thousand feet high, has a far worse reputation than the one we had just crossed. It is buried so deeply in snow that it is not open to ordinary travel until the middle of June or the first of July, on account of the danger from avalanches. During the winter and spring many postal carriers have been killed while crossing it. Even the road between the two passes was not reassuring. It was covered for long distances with huge boulders which had rolled down from the mountain-sides during the last rains, and in places it was entirely obliterated by avalanches. We had to proceed with the greatest caution for the entire distance.

THE LOST OTHERS

BY O. L. S.

[*Irish Statesman*]

You set your heart on Nancy,
You won your fancy, lad.
But love had never taught you
What other names she had,
Or what gay Naiad lent her grace,
What shining Oread.

You did not know what beauty
Thronged in one light disguise:
What eyes gazed out of Faëry,
What Sibyl from the Wise,
What burning miracle her soul
Was in its native skies.

You won your pretty Nancy,
But she was all you had.
The starry women vanished.
A lonely lass and lad
Mutely upon each other gaze
Nor know why they are sad.

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DOES A WRITER NEED TO KNOW ANYTHING?[1]

BY OSKAR A. H. SCHMITZ

THE question how much genuine knowledge a writer must have, or may have, receives a wide variety of answers. To-day most people incline to the belief that the writer needs to know nothing, that with him intuition replaces knowledge; but I propose to demonstrate that the evangel of this accepted belief is the fundamental error responsible for the general confusion existing in modern art and literature, be its creators never so gifted.

It is indeed true that this idea has a degree of justification that might become apparent with a slight alteration in its wording; for it is obviously beyond dispute that the writer or the artist has no essential concern with questions of learning or science when others have cleared the way for him in this respect. This has been the case at all periods in history that possessed an accepted philosophy of life; and literature and art in the great manner always make their first appearance when such a philosophy, on which they can base themselves, is already in existence. Theologians and philosophers have no real need to be artists. Indeed it is better if they are not. It does no harm if artists, when questioned as to their system of belief or their world philosophy, are able to answer not much or not much to the point; and yet belief of some kind and a lofty outlook are indispensable preliminaries for an art or literature that hopes to be more than clever naturalism or a fleeting impression. But faith does not mean some kind of utopian hope that is more or less individual or even collective; nor does a lofty outlook mean a kind of abstraction that bears no relation to reality. All great works of art are based upon a world philosophy that has its roots in the realities of its own period. Primitive Christianity brought forth no art, and only that Christianity which from the fanatical standpoint had become impure, that is to say secularized and humanized, was able to produce the lofty Gothic culture. Without Saint Thomas Aquinas, Dante would have been unthinkable. I do not know how much Shakespeare himself had read in the pioneer scholars of the Renaissance, but the world that he depicts for us is permeated through and through with their view of life — so thoroughly that his works are their works too.

This spirit no longer sufficed for Goethe. Had he not made his way as a scholar into the world of antiquity, he would never have developed beyond his youthful period; and had he not through Schiller learned to know Kant, he would never have assumed his definite artistic philosophy, a conscious contradiction of the categorical imperative, which let him say, 'Create, artist, do not prate.'

At any rate, there was a Christian philosophy of life before there was a Christian art; and there was a Renaissance in the knowledge of antiquity, modified by the thinkers of the period, before the poets and artists could bathe themselves in its light without themselves studying and investigating.

[1] From *Kolnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *July* 30

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What they created as pure art retains its value to-day even though the formulas have long been forgotten or, to a newer knowledge, appear false. Christian Madonnas have a value even for 'decadent non-Christians.' But these same people would never have been able themselves to create the Madonnas. An artistic formula does not have to be right; it need only be magical. Involved in it is a genuine faith that is quite different from a wish or a hope. An idea may turn out to be right, but this never leads to inner compulsion, only to the venture of trying something new in the hope that something good may perhaps emerge. That is the path of experiment, which is appropriate to science and which since the time of Zola's experimental novels has made its way in an exceedingly illegitimate manner into literature. Zola himself was a sufficiently great writer to experiment in a method into which his own genius would have driven him without any nonsensical theories. He created literature while he thought he was only experimenting.

To-day things are the other way around. People think they are creating literature when they are merely experimenting; and if anybody complains that they write without any correct idea of what they are doing, they gayly assert that it is no concern of a writer's to understand the meaning of what he creates — that is the critic's business.

In all this there is a queer mixture of truth and falsehood. It is true that a writer need not explain his characters except in creating them. Nor is it necessary for him to indulge in a preface — an indulgence to which he will feel himself the more constrained the more uncertain he is whether his characters have quite succeeded. Bernard Shaw is a well-known example of this. To be sure, his characters, which are not always crystal clear by any means, do not become more successful in a literary way because of his prefaces; and yet I find myself compelled to praise these prefaces. They are often the best parts of his plays, because they are an honest effort, in a time of general confusion, to create clarity, if not in actual artistic production, then at least in the discussion of it. Our modern writers are mistaken in despising such attempts; for there is no great credit to themselves in the fact that they do not provide intelligible prefaces to their unintelligible writings — especially when their character creations are even less successful than Shaw's. When one reads a prose work by one of these same authors, one comes to believe that what they have failed to create as art they are unable to formulate as an idea for discussion; and sometimes to the further conclusion that they have no ideas at all, but are simply letting themselves be overcome by the lust of talking (glossolalia), in the hope that in such a Pentecost the Holy Ghost will descend in person upon them all. They forget that the Day of Pentecost came after Christmas and after Easter. The spirit must first become flesh and the flesh must rise again in the spirit before one can trust himself to his inner voice with some confidence that it comes from above and not from below. In short, there must be a spiritual comprehension before the stage can be reached where the artist is sufficiently filled with its meaning so that he is eager for creation, and can be understood by those who see or hear him, without theoretical explanations.

There is nothing of the sort to discuss to-day. The old values are losing their force and the new ones have not yet been discovered. Although in life genuine religious feeling is still possible in the frame of the old ideas, their formulas no longer have creative effect.

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It is indispensable, however, that the artist or writer should have an unerring inner relation to these values; otherwise he will mistake good for bad or bad for good without himself being aware of it. This is, for example, often the reason why modern plays are not convincing. They so readily glorify the merely hysterical because it is interesting, at the expense of honest commonplace — which implies a complete blindness to values. For though the commonplace can have no very high value, the hysterical has no value at all. It is very interesting to see how Ibsen, who glorified the hysterical in *The Lady from the Sea* and in *Rosmersholm*, has in *Hedda Gabler* attained the knowledge necessary to perspective which is the preliminary condition to every true work of art; whereas Gerhart Hauptmann in *Gabriel Schillings Flucht* himself understands his own problem as little as he does in *Einsame Menschen*. From these examples it may be seen that I am not thinking of any particular artistic tendency when I require of the writer a comprehension of values. Of the plays I have mentioned, *Hedda Gabler* — the only one that has succeeded — is nothing more nor less than a play with an intellectual purpose.

And so it appears to me that the dubious quality of modern literary art is due, not to its creators' lack of talent, but rather to their lack of knowledge — to the fact that they possess no philosophy of life. Just because they have no such philosophy, it is perpetually appearing in their writings as a kind of postulate with which they are burdened down. They despise the ordinary method of reaching knowledge by means of thought, believing they can achieve it through unaided intuition; and since this is possible only where the spirit of the time provides the writer with an adequate world-philosophy, they are compelled to patch together their inspirations, which might have been works of genius, with a kind of supplementary ideology that seems flat and childish to men who have reached a higher intellectual level. I am thinking, for example, of the system of ideas represented in the revolutionary plays.

In contrast with the mostly unsuccessful efforts of the creative writers of our time stands a mighty endeavor after intellectual enlightenment. I do not wish here by any means to pronounce judgment on such men as Keyserling, Spengler, Blüher, or the still little-known Vetter, and yet in them a loftier spiritual standard has been reached than in the modern writing of such men as Hauptmann and Toller. The readers of really intellectual books look down upon modern writers and their intellectual level; while the writers themselves despise the purely intellectual books as so much mental straw. Yet it is only reasonable to ask ourselves whether there is not more genuine life pulsing here, since genuine knowledge must make daily use of the intellectual as a sharp-ground tool. The writers, too, are concerned with new knowledge, but they despise the only serviceable instrument, the intellect, substituting for it the super-intellectual content of knowledge, for which the idea is only a sign, dead in itself, unless it magically expresses the inner content of thought in a new form. That is the reason why these modern works have something so obviously dilettantish about them.

But why, someone will ask, don't those who have adequate knowledge write themselves? Herein is the tragedy of the man who knows. So long as he is still struggling after knowledge, the muses must be silent. Only when he has attained the high plateau on which henceforward men may build

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their dwellings, in which the new Logos may come to self-comprehension, — as Christianity did in the mediæval world, — only then will pure creative activity be possible.

Consequently there exists to-day, as perhaps never in any other epoch, a gulf between the man who artistically creates and the man who intellectually achieves, neither of whom is willing to have anything to do with the other. Yet though the creative writers lose in this relationship, — since they burden their works with ill-digested world-philosophy, — the thinkers have won something. They have more and more freed themselves from the scholasticism of the universities and regard their knowledge no longer as a specialty but rather as a necessity of life. Already their works are taking on an artistic aspect — their style is itself sufficient evidence of that. If the artists were willing to pay more heed to this movement, they could help to shorten this period of confused transition. In the moment when they once more carry their own world-philosophy within them their creations will become more convincing, possess less strain after self-comprehension — the qualities that to-day they lack.

JUAN VARELA'S VOTE [1]

BY LUIS CASTELLÓ

A WEEK before the elections representatives of the Radicals and the Conservatives visited Estancia La Criolla to remind every citizen of his civic duty. They made speeches, shook hands warmly with old acquaintances, made a multitude of promises, and paid innumerable compliments to the people and the district. In fact, they did all those things that politicians do before elections and forget about afterward.

But at La Criolla civic spirit was the private patrimony of the *patrón*, a gentleman who rarely visited his estate but at the proper moment invariably indicated to his employees and tenants the candidate for whom they were to vote. It was thus that he fulfilled his promises at the Capital.

There were enough 'honest and independent electors' at La Criolla, which was a very large estancia, to decide in close campaigns the outcome of the polling in the Congressional district. Campaign speakers invariably made the estancia a point of call on their campaign tours, largely as a matter of routine. But the real deals were made at the Capital, where the votes of the estancia were traded off to this candidate or to that in the same way that the proprietor sold a bunch of cattle.

This time, Mr. Arturo, the English superintendent, received a telegram Friday morning, and at once sent for all his overseers.

'Notify your people,' he told them, 'to be here at the estancia early Sunday morning to go to town to vote. Tomorrow afternoon bring in all the saddle horses on the hacienda so there will be mounts for everyone.'

[1] From *Caras y Caretas* (Buenos Aires illustrated topical weekly), *June* 20

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'And who gets our votes, boss?' asked Don José Vargas.

'This time you will vote for Don Jerónimo Montesano.'

'Right you are!' the foremen answered in chorus. And each one posted off at once to carry the order to the men on his section of the estate.

Juan Varela was shepherding a flock of sheep at Nandubay, a sandy stretch of country on the coast and farther from the estancia headquarters and more difficult of access than any other part of the great ranch. It was necessary to cross several lagoons, some of them containing treacherous quicksands, to get there. The station with its palisade walls and galvanized iron roof, frosted with salt from the sea air, stood on top of the farthest dune, and was surrounded by a broad clump of water hemlock that completely concealed the door. The site had been chosen solely to keep watch on that part of the coast, for wild ostriches were abundant in the vicinity and *boleadores* from the estancia and ne'er-do-wells from the city came to hunt the birds both for their feathers and for their meat. But these lawless visitors were apt to forget their original quest and to slaughter a cow or a yearling on the sly, in order to get a few strips of rawhide from the carcass.

Don José Vargas was the foreman whose lot it was to hunt up Varela and tell him to be at hand for the election. When he approached the post Juan was in the corral doctoring some scabby sheep. Paula, his wife, was with him, holding a can of medicine.

Don José had hardly emerged from the canebrake that bordered the last lagoon when Varela caught sight of him and let out a wild yell of greeting, delighted to see someone for a few minutes' gossip. Fat Doña Paula, with surprising alacrity for a woman of her avoirdupois, sprang lightly over the barbed-wire fence of the corral and disappeared hurriedly amid the hemlocks in the direction of the house, to tidy up to receive the caller. A minute later, when Vargas and Varela reached the kitchen, she already was in white from top to toe; for she had slipped on a white dress and had covered her face with a thick coat of rice powder to hide the dirt.

After the first greetings and conventional compliments were over, Varela asked: 'Well, and what good wind blows you out here, Don José?'

'I have come on account of the elections Sunday. We've all got to be at the estancia before daylight in order to go down together. It'll be better for you to come down Saturday night. You can pick up the bunch of horses at Navarro on your way over.'

'And who's to get the votes, Don José?'

'The boss says we've got to vote for Montesano.'

Varela, to the blank astonishment of the foreman, protested. He could not do it; they could ask anything of him but that. He would vote for Santillán, who was the only man who, in Varela's opinion, was worth riding thirty leagues to vote for.

Don José had never heard of the like before in his whole experience. Defy an order from Buenos Aires over a trifle like a vote! Besides, Varela was so poor that he had n't even a place to fall dead in! So the overseer stood mute with surprise, staring at Varela with wide-open eyes, while the latter rattled on excitedly: —

'Don Santillán — there's a real Gaucho of a man — a true friend of the poor! He is n't like the others, who never look at you except just before election. Who but Don Santillán helped me out when Paula was sick in town and I did n't have two coppers of my own to clink together in my

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pocket? Who kept my horses from starving in the street?'

And this was all true. Santillán, proprietor of Estancia La Guacha, understood the country people perfectly. He knew they were more grateful for a kindness to their horse than to themselves. So he had set apart a field where he let poor men pasture their horses free. And there was always plenty of stew in the pot at his kitchen for a hungry wayfarer. He had thus become so popular that he not only received a great number of votes at every election but he also got a great deal of free service, since there were always unemployed men hanging around his estancia glad to render him a service for a square meal.

Not long before this, Varela, finding himself dead-broke, had gone to Santillán as had so many others before him.

'Hm! I don't know what to do with you,' answered the *estanciero*, knitting his brows. 'You're a political opponent, and at the last election you were one of the noisiest fellows on the other side.'

'Well — you see, I — ' stammered Varela, at a loss what to say.

'All right, anyway. Put your horses in the pasture, and you and your old woman take that cabin down below until you get something to do. I hope you'll judge better next time.'

Juan Varela now remembered his obligation, and was determined to keep his tacit promise.

'Look here, Varela,' said Don José at last, 'that Englishman will be dead sure to sack you.'

'Sack away, I don't care. My mind's made up.'

'And you'll lose those Creole colts that you wanted to break.'

Varela scratched his head with a perplexed look. At last, sighing deeply, he answered: 'Well, he can do whatever he wants.'

Even Don José, who had no sentiment in the matter of the election, was provoked at Varela's obstinacy. Rising from his seat without taking another *maté*, he sprang on his horse and galloped back down the trail toward the estancia, muttering to himself, 'What bug bit that fool, anyhow?'

The Monday after the election all the ranchmen were gathered on horseback at the big corral, where the season's colts were waiting to be assigned to their breakers.

Varela and his conduct the day before were the universal topic of conversation. Even the most optimistic felt certain that at the very least he would be sacked and driven off the estancia.

'See how a man can throw away a job,' said Don José sententiously. 'Just as Varela was beginning to get on his feet, and had a show of making a little on the colts he would have been given to-day, he spills the whole pot of beans.'

This conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a bunch of Creole colts that were to be broken this season. Every trainer on the estancia was ambitious to have that job. High-strung, spirited, shiny-coated animals, the last specimens of a race almost extinct on account of unscientific breeding, they were the prize of the whole season's raising. There were only ten — and no others like them were to be found in the whole region, although crossbred colts, with the accumulated defects of all their ancestors, were plentiful enough.

When Mr. Arturo appeared at the end of the eucalyptus avenue every man sprang to his saddle, and foxy Vargas hastened to open the gate of the corral for the superintendent, hoping to get in a plea ahead for the Creole colts.

The boss pretended not to hear him,

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and entering the corral deliberately surveyed the men who were waiting there. A stern expression clouded his face, and all were sure a storm was coming, especially when, catching sight of Varela, he called him to his side.

'Señor!' answered the latter, his voice sounding like an echo.

'Where were you yesterday?'

'I was at the election — you know,' said Varela, trying to hide his confusion by feigning to tighten the cinch of his saddle-girth.

'Whom did you vote for?'

'For Don Santillán.'

'But the orders were to vote for Montesano.'

'Yes, sir — but — this man — has the vote.'

'So you're sure it will be better for the country if Santillán's elected, eh? You think you know more than the boss? Or do you expect to get something for yourself out of it?'

'No, I don't expect anything, Don Arturo. All I got out of it I received long before I voted. And I owed my vote in return for it.'

Mr. Arturo stood silent a moment, with his eagle eyes fixed searchingly upon the herdsman. 'Well,' he finally said, 'we'll talk about it later.'

All the afternoon Varela kept wondering what the boss was going to do about it. He would have preferred a thousand times to be sacked at once rather than to suffer this prolonged uncertainty. His companions, seeing him in disgrace, passed him by without a glance, fearing that they too would incur the Englishman's displeasure.

Finally the colts were divided into parcels, and the superintendent began to assign them to the men: 'Vargas, take the reds. Requena, take that bay and those chestnuts. Varela, cut along with those Creoles.'

If a bomb had fallen in the middle of the corral it would not have produced more astonishment. Varela, unable to credit his ears, stood motionless until the order was repeated.

'The Creoles, I say!'

The gate of the corral swung open and his bunch of colts rushed into the road. Varela did not know what to do. He was speechless with joy. He merely took off his hat, mumbled '*Muchas gracias*,' dug the spurs in the flanks of his horse, and dashed after the colts.

And clear to the gate of his section of the ranch, Juan Varela, unconscious of what he was doing, continued to slap his horse with his sombrero and to shout at the excited colts ahead of him, '*Gracias, muchas gracias.*'

The rest of the hands were utterly bewildered. They did not know what to say. But all looked a little embarrassed, as if they had committed some fault.

After that every man on the estancia voted according to his sympathies, his fancy, or his conscience, regardless of election orders from Buenos Aires. Juan Varela's maverick ballot had broken up forever the solid vote of La Criolla.

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THE HEADGEAR OF ISLAM[1]

BY P. GENTIZON

[M. GENTIZON is a member of the staff of *Le Temps* who specializes in Near Eastern affairs.]

A REFORM has lately been carried through in Turkey which, though apparently trivial, is from a Mohammedan standpoint quite as revolutionary as abolishing the caliphate. The Government has ordered that a visor shall be added to the uniform cap of the army!

Hitherto the headgear of the orthodox Mohammedan, soldier or civilian, has been visorless, because it has been essential that the believer should be able to touch the earth with his forehead during the ritual prayers, while dogma demands that one shall pray with his head covered. The Turkish army, therefore, wears a cap of the European model which is characterized by the absence of a visor. 'Ye shall fight with your faces in the sun,' said the Prophet, and Old Turks say that Sultan Mahmud had such a horror of caps with visors — it was he who imposed the fez on all his subjects — that one day he horsewhipped a courtier who so far forgot himself as to lift the palm of his hand between the sun and his face in order to be able to look out over the Bosporus.

The last war made considerable modification, it is true, in the military headgear of all the armies in the world, and if it did nothing else, at least made the steel helmet with guards in front and behind common property. But France had some difficulty in persuading the North African troops to adopt it. Attempts were first made to put a simple skullcap of steel underneath the *chechia* worn by the native riflemen, which would have protected nothing but the top of the skull, and nothing less than a *fetvah* by the religious leaders of Tunis was necessary before the Mohammedan troops were willing to wear the same helmet as the soldiers of the Metropolitan Army.

The Turkish Republic, in its turn, has not hesitated to make reasonable concessions to the equipment demanded by modern war-conditions. The visor of a cap protects the eyes — an especially important matter in the East, where the light is dazzling — and so it makes the soldier shoot better.

It is quite likely that the Prophet's words with regard to the necessity of fighting 'with faces in the sun' never had more than a metaphorical significance and were merely a requirement of fair fighting. As for the difficulty in touching the earth with the forehead, the Serbian and Bulgarian Mohammedans long ago met that problem by praying with their caps turned backward, when there was only one visor, and sidewise when there happened to be two. There is no reason why the Turks should not do the same thing, and the reform has been decided upon. It has already been applied to officers in the Republican guard at Angora, and it will be progressively applied to the rest of the army, the gendarmerie, and the navy. Civilians will perhaps follow suit, and some day we may behold the Turks

[1] From *L'Illustration* (illustrated literary weekly), *July 4*

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using hats of our own kind, which still remain throughout the whole Near East the distinctive mark of the Christian.

Headgear has always played an important rôle in Turkey, since it permitted and still permits one to distinguish the religion, the nationality, race, and even the political opinions, of the individual. Before the reforms instituted by Sultan Mahmud II in 1830 it was even possible to tell professions by the headgear, and court dignitaries wore turbans whose form and color were minutely prescribed to correspond with their duties. After the massacre of the janizaries Mahmud decreed that only the holy men should henceforward be authorized to wear a turban, — which, however, was simplified, — and that all other Ottoman subjects, soldiers or civilians, should wear the fez. This coiffure, which one may find on certain Hittite and Assyrian bas-reliefs, was at that time nothing but the barret worn by the Greeks of the Islands. From 1830 to our own days it has very much altered in appearance, for Mahmud's fez was a flat round skullcap whose tassel came down to the coat-collar, whereas the modern fez is almost cylindrical, after having, in the days of Abdul-Hamid, passed through a stage when it was a kind of truncated cone. The tassel, with the passage of time, has diminished in length and thickness, and only the red color remains immutable. But the fez is relatively unsteady on the head, and so workmen and farmers fasten it on with a flowered handkerchief which looks very much like a turban. The Constantinople firemen, who have to move on the run, have simply exchanged theirs for a common cotton cap.

Although the headdress prescribed by Mahmud was a kind of national emblem until the revolution of 1908, it nevertheless failed to rally all the Mohammedans of the Empire. The Arabs of the desert — the Druses for example — remained faithful to the *keffieh*, a big strip of cloth, usually white, held on the head by a little cord, and falling down the back in flowing folds. Farther to the north the Kurds wore a kind of pointed headdress, surrounded, in the case of sheiks, by the innumerable folds of a monumental turban. Along the Black Sea, the Lazes retained the *bashlyk*, which is something like a Phrygian bonnet, with flaps knotted around the head. One might add to this the sugarloaf hat made of honey-colored felt, worn by the whirling dervishes, whose leader, the grand Tchelebi of Konia, is entitled to surround the one he himself wears with a green turban, the Prophet's own color.

Ever since the time of Mahmud the turban has been reserved for those who have special religious qualifications, so that the phrase 'turbaned' serves in colloquial language to designate the class of holy men, imams, muftis, and hadjis. But the Republic has already undertaken a strict regulation for the wearing of these insignia, which have been abominably abused by certain charlatans and wonder-workers. Students in theological schools, and even certain Turkish professors in the school at Galata Sarai, have found themselves compelled to give it up. One curious fact: the last caliph, Abdul Medjid, although urged by the religious chiefs to replace his fez with a turban to comport with the dignity of the commander of the faithful, bluntly refused, no doubt wishing to protest against any kind of limitation of his temporal power even by the sultanate. He contented himself with allowing his beard to grow in order to satisfy those rigid Mussulmans who, because the Prophet never shaved, could not allow his successor to do so.

But with the revolution of 1908 another headgear came in — the *kalpak*. This headdress, which was of Tatar

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origin and was made of astrakhan, was selected as a distinctive sign of the Young Turks, who found fault with the fez because it was a mark of subjection to the Sultan. At this same period the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina had stirred up in Turkey a lively feeling of animosity toward Austria-Hungary, which happened to be the chief manufacturer of Ottoman fezzes. For these two reasons the kalpak rapidly became the nationalist headdress par excellence. From the beginning of the Kemalist movement this wool headdress, which is not without elegance of its own, was worn by all the great chiefs of the new Turkey, as testimony to their pure republicanism. A few deputies, nevertheless, have made a habit, during the last two months, of attending sessions of the Chamber bareheaded. This is another highly important innovation in a Mohammedan country, where, contrary to Occidental custom, good breeding and politeness, as well as dogma, still require one to wear his hat in society. The gesture of the bareheaded deputies, however, has been imitated in other assemblies. Last September a member of the municipal council of Constantinople, Doctor Refik Bey, requested permission on hygienic grounds to remove his fez or kalpak during sessions. The prefect replied that all counselors who had this excuse might uncover, whereupon a dozen ædiles took off their headdresses on the spot.

Although the republic has introduced this new fashion, the problem is not wholly done with in Turkey. The wearing of a hat will, above everything else, raise great difficulties. Under the last sultans any Turk who dared wear one was immediately thrown into prison and given a severe sentence. Last year a Young Turk, whose home was in Germany but who had come back to Constantinople, retained the felt hat that he had bought in Berlin, not wishing to spend three pounds for a fez that he would have used for a few days only. Denounced by a fanatic, he was arrested by the police, who, however, released him a few hours later. The problem is not so much a question of dress as of religion. Forgetting that the fez is of Greek origin, the Turk regards it as an emblem, to abandon which would be an offense against his faith. In spite of that, many good Mussulmans, including certain Arabs of the Hejaz, wear panamas when it is very hot. On the other hand, the fez continues to be made abroad, and the national kalpak of lambskin with the hair on is too expensive for slender purses and is unendurable except in winter.

There are certain reasons even now for thinking that the day will come when the form of the headdress will no longer be as important in Turkey as it once was. In August 1924, during very hot weather, a doctor of Adana did not hesitate to advise the people of the city, through the newspapers, to wear hats to avoid sunstroke. It is probable that the time will come when rational modern headgear will shelter Turkish polls.

So far as other garments are concerned, the ancient Ottoman costume has already completely disappeared from the country. Trousers have succeeded the *shalvar*, the lounging jacket the *stambulin*, the dinner coat the *kaftan*, shoes the *babush*. The collar conceals the bare neck, and the necktie has replaced the ancient embroidery.

The hat, when it comes into its own, will indicate progress not in costume alone but in ideas as well; for the men in control at Angora are trying to prove that the Republic needs not so much to change external forms as to bring a new spirit into a nation that has been stagnant for so long.

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CROCE AND GENTILE[1]

BY A ROME CORRESPONDENT

ALL the world knows two names in modern Italian philosophy — Benedetto Croce and Giovanni Gentile; and most of the world pictures the two illustrious thinkers as linked in collaboration rather than severed by rivalry. It was once so. For years the famous review *La Critica* appeared under their double imprimatur, and when Gentile prefixed to one of his works an affectionate dedication to Croce the two seemed destined to go down in history coupled like Cobden and Bright.

But times have changed. The philosophers have descended or been dragged into the arena of party politics, and a thick cloud of controversy envelops their glory. For the opponents of Fascism Croce is an inspiring symbol of smiling superior wisdom; for its upholders Gentile has become almost the theologian of the movement, with his conceptions of the Ethical State and of physical force as an appropriate instrument of moral suasion, and with his massively bearded pontifical countenance.

In his last big public utterance Signor Mussolini scored a huge success with the declaration that he had never read a word of Benedetto Croce. To understand this success one must realize that a certain number of Fascists are always trying to think out their theories from first principles; worse still, they are always plaguing the rank and file to do likewise. To the rank and file the Duce's curt disavowal of an Italian thinker of international repute sounded like a dispensation from all further cerebral activity; it brought a delicious sense of freedom and irresponsibility. Signor Farinacci quivered with pleasure; had he not always maintained that an honest railwayman knew more about politics than all the graybeards of the Senate with shelves of volumes to their name? (Only it is not recorded what the Black Shirt Gentile thought. How many pages of Gentile had the Duce read?)

But Croce is a game fighter, and within twenty-four hours he had a letter in the press claiming that Mussolini *had* read him, because a certain essay by the Prime Minister on the novelist Manzoni was a patent plagiarism from him, Croce. But here the editor of the volume in which the essay had appeared weighed in, declaring that though signed by the Prime Minister the essay was by somebody else, and that Croce knew this. 'Liar!' the Fascist press shouted in chorus at Croce. 'To me,' replied Croce, 'it makes not the smallest difference whether Mussolini thinks with his own brain or with that of an underling. I am ready to believe that with his own eyes Mussolini has not only not read *me*, but not Manzoni either.' Governmental tenderness has not increased toward Croce since this episode.

And Gentile? He is certainly no better off. If the attacks upon him proceed from less limelit quarters, they are devastating in their bitter intelligence. Of late days a young writer named Adriano Tilgher has produced a booklet which must rank high among

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *August* 11

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modern masterpieces of literary caricature. This controversialist combines a white-hot ferocity of temperament with a rich Aristophanic hilarity. In a hundred pages he inflates Gentile to an immense balloon of pretentious solemnity, and explodes the result with a few deft pinpricks amid a resounding clatter of mirth. The book is dedicated 'to the memory of Schopenhauer, fierce flagellator of schoolmaster philosophy, of which the last, most ludicrous, and most despicable incarnation is herewith chastised.'

It is a compost of essay, fable, and dialogue. The concluding dialogue would raise a European laugh but for European ignorance of the Italian tongue. One thinks irresistibly of Aristophanes's *Clouds*, where a young Athenian seeks tuition from Socrates to learn how to philosophize himself out of paying his debts. Tilgher shows us the modern Italian youth whose aim in life is 'a little business, a little Bourse, a little journalism, a little politics.' His father tells him that for success he must have a philosophic system.

'Philosophy, Dad, in these days? Better a good tip for the Stock Exchange.'

But Papa insists, and Gentile's system is finally chosen, for with its aid, says Papa, you can always keep in with those in power and always be consistent. Further, you need not read Gentile, because no one else ever has, so there is no fear of being found out.

As the dialogue progresses the youth gets more and more delighted with the richness and resonance of the Gentilian phraseology. Idea, Act, Fact, Concrete, Abstract, Position, Crystallization, and the other terms, flow from his mouth in ever more complicated patterns. And at the end Papa sums up the system as follows: —

'You have thoughts? They are always true. You do deeds? They are always good. Error, evil — that is just what you thought and did before, viewed in retrospect. It was good and true *then*. Sleep the sleep of the just! In the present you can never err or sin. Do business, my boy, speculate, dance, eat, drink, enjoy yourself! But every now and then give a kind thought to the man who gave his whole life to labor so that you might never feel remorse for having acted against conscience and truth.'

'A great man, this Gentile, Papa, a great man. Has he any enemies?'

'Why, yes, boy, everyone has enemies. This very moment I have received a circular from someone who wants to found an anti-Gentilian philosophic society "to redeem philosophy from its identification with intellectual and moral abasement, and with abject and servile flattery of those in the seat of power; and to restore it to its original association with love of the good, the beautiful, and the true, and with self-sacrifice for suffering humanity."'

'Good Lord, Dad, what rot! Who ever wrote that?'

'A fool, my boy, a poor fool.'

'Hush! Don't say a "fool"; say an abstractionist,' answers the youth, who has learned from Gentile never to deal open insults lest the insulted be some day in a position to have his own back.

'Quite right, quite right — an abstractionist,' murmurs the father, in conclusion of the conversation.

It will take all Fascism's horses and men to put the fragments of *Actual Idealism* together again, after this shattering analysis, of which the brilliance is apparent to all, the fairness or unfairness only to philosophers seated 'above the mellay.' But are there any such in Italy to-day?

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ON THE SUBJECT OF EATING[1]

BY GORDON PHILLIPS

THESE are the glorious days when it is — if we are to be strictly truthful — just a little too hot to eat before evening. For most of the day delighted man perceives that he has become a creature of pure soul, a lambent flame of intellect and poetic conceptions. What is left of that gross physical apparatus seems as though it would function indefinitely on tall beakers of demulcent beverages like shandygaff or milk into which the contents of a siphon have been creamily splattered. Obviously it is the Better Life at last.

It is, of course, a little too good to be quite true. Sooner or latter one gets hungry — not grossly ravenous as befits those awful days of winter when you have to line yourself with beefsteak puddings in order to support life at all, but daintily, discreetly, intellectually interested in the subject of food. And it must be admitted that there are few periods of the year when more essentially captivating kinds of food are available.

This gorgeous and generous June, you see, redresses the balance even in this matter. It is not, after all, very good for a man to give himself over to a too easy asceticism — the proposition that cigarettes and shandygaff are in themselves capable of supporting what P. G. Hamerton (local author, by the way; born Oldham, 1834) called the Intellectual Life is unsound. But look how wise June enforces this moral, bringing man down to earth even while her sunshine raises him above it. All around us good food comes to perfection: and if you are not yet hungry the obvious thing to do is to sit around in graceful attitudes thinking about what you will have to eat when you are.

It always seems to me a profound pity that oysters are out of season, but after that lamentable omission I have nothing but admiration of June's bill of fare. Asparagus, for instance — what a subtle and distinguished creature it is! 'We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb,' as Lafeu assures the Clown. I myself consider that America's real contribution to culture was the discovery that asparagus could be canned and thus made available all the year round; but though tinned asparagus is quite good when you can get no other, there is no matching it with the fresh product of Evesham. For that you must wait for June.

And new green peas — there is another elegant and irreplaceable herb from June's cornucopia. It seems a shame to treat them as a mere vegetable trimming to something else — the French are wiser and serve them as a separate course. And new potatoes — well buttered. And salmon. And strawberries. And that pinky kind of trout — oh, how good in aspic when a June evening is at last sighing into a scented dusk! And lamb. I know a man — an M. D. at that — who threatens that one of these Junes he will really do himself proud. He says he will lock himself in a room and sit down in one corner of it with a pail of new peas on his right,

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *June* 10

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a pail of new potatoes on his left, and a leg of lamb in front of him. And he will help himself to mint sauce, I suppose, with a garden syringe. A trifle gross as it is written down, but I think I know what he means. It is our Anglo-Saxon habit to jest a little coarsely about the dreams which are dearest to us.

For my own part, if I were after the square meal of June, it would not be lamb that I would make for. It would be the true, original, authentic beans and bacon, procurable, I would remind you, only at this time of the year. Now indeed may a man thank his stars for two things — that he is not a Jew or a Mohammedan, and that he is not living in a hotel. For if he is a good Jew or Mohammedan — and nobody except a clod would not be good in such weather as this — his faith has put a taboo on the pig; and no hotel or restaurant apparently knows how to cook and serve that animal. Roast pork is a dish for home; only there do you get the real richness of the viand and its inseparable trimmings.

Beans and bacon is also a home dish and one of the world's best. A good 'shank end' with plenty of the bacon left on, you know, and boiled till the carving knife melts lightly into it. The beans are the broad beans that so curiously wear two spring overcoats in full summer — the massive, blanketlike pod and the smooth, olive-green skin of each individual bean. In a day or two now they will be with us for their all-too-short season. The sauce is parsley — lots of it, all prettily green and grateful. Add new potatoes — and you have a dish as redolent of summer as any that can be brought to table.

And it is not only a delicacy to eat; it is a delight to behold. What an elegant color-scheme is there — the pink and white of the bacon, the delicate green of the flowing sauce, the sombre jacket of the beans, broken here and there to disclose their precious centres. Make no mistake about it — those broad beans are the gist of the business from the eater's point of view. They are stout fellows who muffle themselves so carefully, I suppose, to preserve their own curious and distinctive flavor. No other bean creature that I have ever met approaches it. Once in the depth of winter I thought I would try to recapture the atmosphere of summer by arranging for a bean-and-bacon feast. It did n't come off. The beans had to be haricot beans, soaked back to a semblance of life. Now the haricot bean, unsoaked, makes a good counter for card games, but I am inclined to think that that is the only way in which he should be allowed to appear on a civilized table. He has simply no taste at all — gastronomically he is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

And to drink? Well, I say hock and soda-water, or a very, very simple white-wine cup. Does it strike you as too lavish a notion for beans and bacon? But beer is too rough for this really subtle summer dish, and tea and coffee, *et tout cela*, are unthinkable. But if you feel that a wine is confusing our simple issue, then stick to cold clear water. There are many worse drafts.

There, I am getting hungry again.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE AGONY COLUMN

AGONY is not, in the ordinary way of things, a merchantable commodity, several centuries of experience having convinced the human race that it will get all the agony it wants without troubling to hunt. There is even a proverb on the subject. 'Don't advertise for trouble,' say the wiseacres, in blissful ignorance that the most famous advertising department in the world is concerned exclusively with trouble — the Agony Column of the London *Times*.

To be sure, the *Times*, which is beyond a doubt the most sedate of all newspapers, conceals the fact that it has an Agony Column at all by modestly labeling the department that was once Sherlock Holmes's favorite breakfast-table literature with the discreeter caption 'Personal.' Only that and nothing more.

Personal, indeed, is exactly what the Agony Column is — far, far too personal for the perusal of the diffident Briton were it not for the kindly anonymity conferred by initials. One of King George's subjects, let us say, charming, feminine, and youthful, who chooses to style herself N. D. G., has had an irreparable quarrel with her fiancé. That irate gentleman slams the door grandly and stalks gloomily from the drawing-room, — never, of course, to return, — on his way to Zululand, Transjordania, Tanganyika, or wherever heartbroken heroes go in these modern British novels. (The number of romantic refuges conveniently available to shelter broken hearts is one of the chief advantages that novelists and disconsolate lovers find in a world-girdling empire.) Clearly it would be all up with that particular betrothal if there were not an Agony Column. But as there *is* an Agony Column, the penitent N. D. G. need only expend a few shillings and next morning at the breakfast table the prospective exile from Britannia's shores will behold on the first page of the *Times*, at the top of the Personal column: —

'Please forgive action Tues. Broken promise. Conscientious. — N. D. G.'

He sees, his heart melts, he forgives — and the result is either a quick curtain to soft waltz-music, or else a fee for the curate of St. Somebody's. Which is very pleasant for the curate, for the business manager of the *Times*, — a vastly sentimental person he must be, if he reads all the 'personal' items that he publishes! — and quite possibly even for the reunited couple.

To anyone possessed of an average normal sense of humor or an interest in the quaint habits of humankind — qualities not by any means so common as is popularly supposed — the Agony Column of the *Times* gives food for infinite reflection. Nowhere else in this world can one obtain for tuppence the high superiority of Jove upon Olympus, looking down upon the antics of mortality. Here are mysterious wills and love affairs, solicitors' notices and somebody's lost purse, hilarity and long-lost brothers, with heartbreak in between the lines. Here in a newspaper column, every morning, is the warp and woof of life in a great capital, more drama than all its thirty theatres provide, more plots than all its multitudinous scrib-

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blers can transmute to fiction. All for tuppence, gentlemen, and the news of the world thrown in!

Sherlock Holmes, you remember, glanced at the Agony Column every morning while Dr. Watson waited, agog with expectation, until at length the great man looked up with a calm, 'Ah, Watson, it is as I supposed.' Then Dr. Watson would be very much surprised — partly because calm does not come naturally to anybody at the breakfast table. There was — of course you recollect it — that affair of the gentleman who had inadvertently got himself murdered, which Sherlock solved by finding an advertisement reading 'Zag-a-zig, zig-a-zag,' and so on several times repeated. Very kind of the criminal to insert that curious 'personal,' which was unusual even amid the quaint paragraphs of the Agony Column. Yet not so very unusual, either, as anyone can prove who reads it for a week or two, with a notebook or a pair of scissors close at hand. What could be odder than the casual announcement: —

> My spiritual home is on the Sea,
> In Bryony and Bahram and QE,

which someone calling himself B. S. I. had printed the other day? Just that senseless couplet — nothing more. And why did somebody else pay to have the single word 'EXCALIBUR' appear in capitals in a white space at the head of the next column that same day? It is no use asking 'Why?' in the Agony Column, else we might speculate upon the antecedents of this pungent message: —

> K——. Thanks; do you refer to 'the braying of a donkey'? — N. E.

which the whim of the advertising manager caused to be immediately followed by an appeal to somebody's lost relative to communicate with Box Z-1484, the announcement of a League to Abolish War, — success to its efforts! — the discovery of a fur necklet, a territorial battalion asking for subalterns, and a cordial message to somebody described as 'Southern X.'

Who, by the way, is 'C'? And why did he want to send to 'Sunshine' the message: 'Nobody knows; you can trust me. Hurrah!'? Or why did 'Ali' send word to 'F' with telegraphic brevity, 'The eighth to come,' which cost ten shillings? Again, someone conveys what is evidently a parting message: 'Both are well and happy; please do not worry; let us fade away.' 'B' protests to some not impossible she, 'Your last judgment cruel,' and 'Punch,' evidently in an expansive mood, expends half a crown to inform 'W. F.,' 'I agree to everything.' It is really very nice of him.

'M. E. R.' sends 'GRATEFUL THANKS' in capital letters to somebody who is not even named. 'G' declares that he is 'well-nigh heartbroken,' but omits to take the curious reader further into his confidence.

Occasionally the agonized plunge into verse, which the exigencies of the advertising pages cause to run right along without line-divisions: 'As the holly groweth green, And never changeth hue, So am I, ever have been — Unto My Lady True.' It is n't very good verse, but probably the lady liked it. Our old friend B. S. I. himself receives a message in verse: —

> Pipe of Peace and War's Alarum
> Come alike to mighty Barham.

Sometimes the irony is not apparent to the British reader or even to the advertiser himself. The other day a guileless English lady advertised for another lady as a traveling companion 'going inexpensive trip America.' Just how does one contrive 'inexpensive' travel in America? But the Agony Column is not always funny, nor even romantic.

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Sometimes the curious reader can read a little too plainly the pathos lurking between the lines for which the business manager duly charges: —

In chivalrous England a man who won his spurs was not allowed to starve. Who will reëstablish a destitute V. C. ex-officer?

No, there is nothing in the world of literature quite like the Agony Column; but everywhere in the real world there are the same struggles, vexations, and sufferings that find expression at '10*s.* for two lines (minimum) and 5*s.* for each additional line.' It is this universality that makes these casual daily notes an index to life — and readable even in far-off, unconcerned America.

✻

CHRONOLOGY OF THE BIBLE

THE Fundamentalist dispute — which has spread to England, where it has more adherents on both sides than either side is ever likely to admit — has at least served the good purpose of dragging into the light once more one of the quaintest episodes in the life of the English Bible — namely, the mysterious fashion in which the venerable Archbishop Usher's private calculations of Biblical chronology found their way into the margins of the King James Bible, where they have remained so long that many earnest souls mistake them for an actual part of the Holy Writ instead of what they are — a purely unofficial interpolation.

Professor Saintsbury, in his *History of English Literature*, mentions the fact that the dates are Usher's, but leaves the way in which they came to be interpolated into the Bible a mystery. The question having been raised in the *Observer*, however, a Bristol correspondent wrote in to say that the interpolation was ordered by Bishop Lloyd of St. Asaph's in 1701.

Yet, though the higher critics scoff, there is a good deal to be said for Usher's chronology, which, though it is not likely to be accepted by any advanced theologian, is at least a convenient summary of the implications of an exact acceptance of the Scriptural text. It is based on the figures given in the Bible. The Bishop started with the year 588 B.C., the date of the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, which can also be fairly accurately fixed in profane history. With this for his point of contact with the modern calendar, he added together the reigns of the Jewish monarchs and thus fixed the accession of Solomon in the year 1015 B.C. The Temple was built in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, and in the four-hundred-and-eightieth year after the Exodus. Given this date, very simple calculation gives the date of the Exodus as 1491 B.C. By more calculation, the Mosaic Law, the Flood, the Creation, are dated, convenient aid being provided by Abraham's age at the date of his call and the minute tabulation of the ages of each preceding patriarch. On this basis the Flood took place in 2348 and the Creation in 4004 B.C.

Another English theologian, Dr. Lightfoot, a seventeenth-century vice-chancellor of Cambridge, made calculations so minute that he felt justified in announcing that the Creation took place 'on October 23, 4004 B.C., at nine o'clock in the morning.' This differs from Archbishop Usher by three weeks. Orthodox Jewish reckoning is said to give the date as 3760, and Hales makes the date 5411. What Mr. J. T. Scopes, late of Dayton, Tennessee, makes it, nobody knows.

✻

LONDON'S CENSOR

THE Lord Chamberlain's Office of the Court of St. James, which has had a glorious time breaking the hearts of

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British dramatists since the days of Shakespeare, is still working its wicked will on the British stage. Three plays have of late been in quarantine: *The Harem*, by the Hungarian Ernest Vajda, who has been very successful with his American productions; another known as *Hurricane*, author not stated; and still another, that familiar stormy petrel, *Desire under the Elms*, by Eugene O'Neill.

The dramatic critic of the London *Morning Post* says of the present predicament in which these plays find themselves: —

> Whether they should or should not be condemned as unfit for human consumption, the machinery for determining such matters is about the worst that could be devised, whether from the standpoint of public morals or from that of the theatre.

The quaint thing about the English law is that the Lord Chamberlain's right extends only to public performances, so that the Repertory Players, a private organization, are going calmly ahead with Vajda's banned play. The *Morning Post* suggests that a fourth play-producing society had better be added to the three now flourishing for purely artistic ends in London, and that it might profitably spend its time giving subscription performances of plays production of which on the London public stage has been forbidden. It suggests that this useful organization call itself defiantly the Banned Play Society.

The great difficulty that the modern London manager faces — though he is in no worse predicament than Philip Henslowe or James Burbage were in their day — is the complete impossibility of guessing in advance what the censor will or will not do. One announces that Ibsen's *Ghosts* shall never be permitted to corrupt the British public. The next censor declares that he is proud to recall this masterpiece to the stage. Exactly the same queer fate overtakes Brieux's *Les Avariés*. A few years ago a performance of no importance called *Secrets of the Harem* was compelled to change its title to *Secrets of the* ***** — which somehow does not seem to contribute greatly to the elevation of public morals.

*

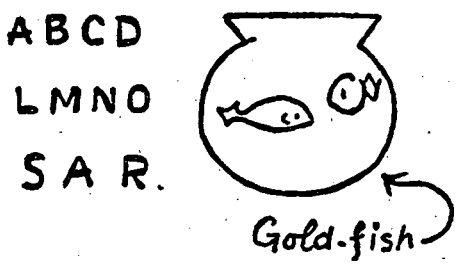
A NEW KIND OF MOVIE

A NEW type of moving picture, the 'plastic-chromatic film,' has had its first public showing at the London Coliseum. It differs from the ordinary movie by the success with which it conveys the illusion of actual life and gets away from the flat surface of the ordinary film. The process, which is said to have had great success in Germany, reproduces moving figures in the round and with coloring.

*

SPEAKING AMERICAN

NOTHING is quite so amusing as British efforts to understand what Mr. Mencken calls 'the American language.' In a recent issue, the *Manchester Guardian* returns once more to the charge with a rebus which, it declares, was drawn by an American to test an English friend's knowledge of foreign English as spoken in New York: —



The answer is quite simple: —

'Abey, see de
''Ell! 'em ain' no
''Ess 'ey are
} goldfish!'

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Last Years of Rodin, by Marcelle Tirel. London: Philpot, 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[R. L. Mégroz in the *Bookman*]

THE author of this lively book of memories was secretary to Rodin during the last years of that immortal French sculptor, and she tells us many interesting things about the formation of the Hotel Biron Museum, about the identity of the models who sat for works now world-famous, — like the exquisite Saint John the Baptist in our South Kensington Museum, — and about his friends.

But as an intimate member of the household at Meudon she was in a position to gather impressions and memories of Rodin the man, to publish which was to invite the storm of criticism with which this book was hailed when it first appeared in Paris. It must be said at once that at times, especially when treating of the artist's personal foibles, the author comes right up to the limits of biographical etiquette, if she does not indeed go beyond them. But the sincerity and good nature of this book, read as the testimony of one person, should disarm the most jealous admirer of Rodin. As Judith Cladel, an authority on his art, says in her preface: —

> The fact that Marcelle Tirel, at the time when she knew Rodin, did not belong, or hardly belonged, to the intellectual world enabled her to observe him without being blinded by the brilliance of his genius or the prestige of his lofty intelligence.

The fact is that 'the lofty intelligence' was often in those last years the prey to obsessions and passions that left the artist a querulous and absent-minded old man. The story of the cavalier treatment he received from the French Government at a time when he was trying to assemble the wonderful collection which he subsequently bequeathed to the State is a reminder that Philistinism in office is not confined to this side of the Channel, and it explains much of Rodin's moodiness. A further explanation is offered by Mlle. Tirel in her account of Rodin's unfortunate 'affair' with a lady who was known in a section of Parisian society as 'The Muse.' The little details given us of Rodin's relations with his wife are not such that we could honestly wish them away from such a book, for they reveal the lovable as well as some regrettable traits in Rodin.

It is not generally known how hard were Rodin's efforts to write books, and his secretary is able to record some curious memories of the sculptor's literary obsession. On one occasion she rescued a paragraph from his shirt-cuff. He had written it while walking round the garden. He must often have been trying.

> One morning [says Mlle. Tirel], on his return from a journey, he handed me a bundle of 'Thoughts,' warning me that they were very fine and precious. I did n't dare to put them into shape but showed him a serious mistake in French. 'My French? That means nothing. It 's the commas that mean everything in what I do. And it 's your not putting them in the right places that makes it difficult to understand. Besides, did n't I tell you not to put any?'

Perhaps most of Rodin's admirers will sympathize with the author when she says: —

> I cannot help execrating those who gave Rodin the idea of trying his hand at literature. It is due to them that so many superb works, put aside in favor of his literary attempts, are lost to art and to his country.

The great artist, like the humblest shoemaker, had best stick to his last. And yet — and yet — who would wish to lose Rodin's reflections on Art? Certainly no critic.

The Tale of Genji, by Lady Murasaki. Volume I. London: Allen and Unwin; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925. $3.00.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THE multivolumed novel, though not a typical product of our own time, would seem to be at least a modern form of writing. The Middle Ages waxed loquacious in poems, but we should not expect to find a six-volumed novel among the literary remains of the eleventh century. Yet at that time, when literature in England is represented by painful monastic chronicles in dog-Latin, in far-off Japan cultivated and sophisticated ladies were exchanging their poetic efforts with equally cultivated and sophisticated men. Preëminent among these was the Lady Murasaki, who was born about 978 A.D., and became in 1005 a lady-in-waiting to the Empress Akiko,

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then a girl of sixteen. She it was who wrote *The Tale of Genji*, which, in an English translation by Mr. Arthur Waley, will give us once more a six-volumed novel.

The first volume is calculated to whet the appetite for such a plenteous dish. It gives us, first of all, a delightful hero, Genji, the son of the Emperor by an adored but secondary wife. It gives us a whole gallery of characters, individual, closely studied, Eastern by accident, essentially human. It is this which strikes one most in this picture of an early and alien society. The externals and accidentals, the sliding doors, the screens, the narrow streets, the jostling coaches, the colored and embroidered clothes, the stained and scented writing-paper, the brush pens, are of another day and clime, but the Lady Murasaki is a modern. She tells of the loves of Genji, and the theme has lurid possibilities, but Genji, in spite of the plurality of his devotions, is a modern too. We see him with other young princes and note their gay exchange of wit, the passwords of a cultivated society, a society in which 'Chinese' spells the acme of fashion. Chinese poetry, Chinese pottery, Chinese manners, were models to be followed.

But whatever her models, the Lady Murasaki is essentially of our own time. In the tender description of a child or an old nun, she gives us the effect of Trollope. Her humor is far more subtle than that of Molière; it is of our own day, allusive, satirical. And yet occasionally we are reminded of the Elizabethans, as in the euphuism which describes a particularly plain gentlewoman with whom Genji has become entangled as a 'saffron-flower' — she had an 'amazingly prominent' nose slightly tipped with pink! 'Yet the very fact that she had nothing to recommend her made it impossible for him to give her up.' But Mr. Waley's delightful translation must be read for the right appreciation of the blend of romance and sophistication which *The Tale of Genji* affords us.

Movements in European History, by D. H. Lawrence. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1925. 8*s*. 6*d*.

[*Irish Statesman*]

Movements in European History, by D. H. Lawrence, is another piratical raid into the domain of the trained historian, to be added to that made of late by Mr. Belloc. Mr. Lawrence is a novelist and man of letters; he could not object to historians penetrating his domain, so he does not hesitate to penetrate theirs. In his introduction he divides history, in the worthier sense, — and excluding the 'old bad history,' which was a mere register of events, — into the graphic and the scientific. The one, he says, is all heart, the other all head. His book, taking the middle way, is intended for adolescents, 'for those who have had almost enough of stories and anecdotes and personalities, and who have not yet reached the stage of intellectual pride in abstractions.' Its aim is 'to count some of the great pulsations that have shaken the hearts of men in Europe and made their history'; and certainly with its rich and vivid style it achieves the effect of broad sweeps of history unchecked by particular details.

The chapter on the Celts and Druidism indeed seems a little too flowery and imaginative, and there are other portions that do not quite ring true. The author takes the old view that the German irruptions saved decadent Europe, that the modern English and French races owe their greatness to the intermingling of Teuton, Celt, and Roman, and that the Germanic element was dominant in the Europe of the Dark Ages. Readers may choose between this view and Mr. Belloc's. Mr. Lawrence's unflagging pen traces European history from the Imperial unity of Rome through primitive kingship and feudal particularism, the absolute monarchy of Louis XIV's type, and the business monarchies of later times, which finally the commercial nations have found unnecessary, to the unity of the laboring classes. But this unity of a working-class Europe cannot be achieved until it unites round some great heroic figure, 'who must be chosen, but also will be responsible to God.' So hard is it for the amateur historian to escape a moral view of history — as hard as it is for the trained historian to believe in one!

Mr. Lawrence's book will, we imagine, make many of the audience he appeals to, and especially the children who are crammed to repletion with the 'old bad history' of facts, dates, and details, take a fresh interest in the story of European humanity. The many illustrations are particularly attractive and well chosen.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

HARDEN, MAXIMILIAN. *I Meet My Contemporaries*. Translated from the German by William C. Lawton, with an introduction by the Honorable James W. Gerard. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1925. $4.00.

MOSZKOWSKI, ALEXANDER. *The Isles of Wisdom*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. $3.00.

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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Ellsworth Huntington, scientist, and Edwin W. Hullinger, journalist, discuss the matter of daily bread in this and other lands.

* * *

Feeling — where does sympathy cease and sentimentality come in? "Crime and Sentimentality" from the pungent pen of James L. Ford suggests one answer.

* * *

Believing — some of us are fooled all the time and all of us some of the time. Edgar James Swift tells how.

* * *

Dreaming — Is there anyone who hasn't wished to remould life nearer to his Heart's Desire? The "misfit's" point of view is defended by one who is a misfit and not sorry.

* * *

Reading — As an addition to your enjoyment Edith Wharton's "Character and Situation in the Novel" can not fail you.

* * *

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* * *

"The Elixir of Lies" by Philip Curtiss, a corking good golf story.

* * *

"Salon" by Woodward Boyd, a story of people who talked and of the drama that went on beneath their chatter.

* * *

"The Garment of Praise" by Mary Ellen Chase, a story of people who did not talk and of the drama that went on beneath their silence.

* * *

Two fascinating individuals are portrayed in the October Scribner's Magazine: a gay, witty, human Robert E. Lee that biographers knew not of; a normal, healthy American who achieved fame in paint — George Bellows.

* * *

And a glimpse at the men who command our ships of war by one of them.

* * *

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